

From the Christian Remembrancer.

1. *Brothers and Sisters*. Translated from the Swedish by MARY HOWITT. Colburn.
2. *The Neighbors*. Longman & Co.
3. *The President's Daughters; and Nina*. Longman & Co.
4. *The Home*. Smith, Fleet Street.
5. *The H— Family*. Smith, Fleet Street.
6. *Life in Dalecarlia*. Clarke & Co., Old Bailey.
7. *Strife and Peace*. Smith, Fleet Street.

IT is now some years since the interest of the story-loving world was excited by a series of tales fresh from a northern land, which, though not distant from us, was yet almost as much a *terra incognita* as old Scandinavia to the ancient world. While Sweden was well versed in our literature—not only acquainted with Shakspeare, but familiar with such newer lights as Bulwer and Miss Martineau—we as a nation knew no more of that country than could be collected from one or two books of travels, or the sight in the court circular of some long unpronounceable name which used to be classed in the fancy with his Excellency the Turkish Ambassador or a Rajah from Burtpore. We are not speaking of an *enlightened* public, but of the larger class who read for amusement, and to whom the Swedes as a people were as little known, and as little objects of thought and interest, as Kamstchatka. What a surprise, then, what a new world, to see opened to us vivid pictures of a society at once new in many of its social aspects, and yet akin to all our sympathies: lively, intellectual, domestic! where we see realized that favorite dream of the imagination of all times, the union of the refined with the homely—where the most opposite excellences seem to combine as in the golden age—where the ideal Arcadian shepherdess finds her type in the Swedish lady, at once elegant, refined, accomplished, and skilled in all housewifely labors; alternately delighting her hearers by her sallies of wit and thought in the saloon, and ministering to their vulgarer wants in the kitchen. But nothing there is really vulgar: the “pancakes,” the patties, the raspberries and cream, prepared by her hands, have all an ambrosial fragrance, and seem elevated above their rank in the ordinary *carte de cuisine*. The perpetual allusion to these dainties, the important part that favorite dishes play in the most excited and inspiring situations, is quite another matter to what such an intrusion would appear in our common-place joints and puddings: they harmonize with the humor, the sentiment, the sublime aspirations of the various actors in the scene, with a perfect congeniality.

It was all very new, very amusing, very refreshing. Every lady asked of her correspondent,

“Have you read ‘The Neighbors,’ and how do you like the Bear and his wife, and what do you think of *ma chère mère*?” And in reply, everybody had read *The Neighbors*, and thought the Bear and his wife delightful, and agreed that *ma chère mère* was a new character, an artist’s creation, conceived and executed with equal genius and boldness. People were charmed with her long speeches, instructed by her proverbs, diverted by her eccentricities, awed by her tragic passion; they only wished that her first introduction—playing the fiddle to her servants’ dancing—had been on any other evening in the week but Sunday, and that there had been some indication of the Bear and his wife having been at church, which they clearly had not; but these were features of national manners, and we have often to get over such things. As for Bruno, few people talked about him, and a great many “skipped” wherever he appeared in the scene—from an entire want of interest or sympathy in that style of character. Books where the bad parts are also dull, have a great advantage. Dulness is a veil. Even if the eye takes in, the attention does not; or if it does for a moment, the memory will not retain it, but fills itself with the more attractive parts of the story. As a fact, many have read “*The Neighbors*,” and forgotten what a curious epitome of all the vices this Bruno is, how full of all dark, evil, base passions, how selfish up to the last moment. They have cared too little for him and Serena to remember what a sacrilege and profanation was committed in uniting him to the author’s idea of the perfect, the angelic Serena. Bruno was passed over as a sort of Corsair, and Serena was simply insipid. The interest rested at the time, and the memory looks back, on the real character of the piece; and it should not be omitted as a testimony to the author’s native and genuine taste, that her heart and imagination dwell more gladly, expatiate more freely, in scenes of innocent affection, harmless mirth, honest, pure, self-sacrifice, than in the workings of a dark, misanthropic spirit. There is no love of evil in her mind; on the contrary, it warms to everything pure, generous, and noble. This all her works testify, especially (we are sorry to enforce the qualification) her earlier ones. But the perusal of them all forces one painful conviction on the mind—that with all a certain constant, and we believe sincere profession of religious feeling, the series of her works betrays an absolute want of settled principle and Christian faith. She has a religion of her own, but it is not the Christian religion. There is no recognition even of the duty of casting down imaginations, no bringing into captivity any thought to the obedience of Christ. If her reason or fancy falls in with the

revealed word, she makes much of it, and talks religiously; but where they diverge, she follows without scruple her own reason, as it would seem, not concealing from herself that she does so. Gifted with great natural endowments, with an intense love of nature and appreciation of art, with a heart and intellect apparently formed for enjoyment, and a power of entering into, realizing, and almost prolonging the present; with an extraordinary knowledge of character, and insight into motives; an admiration for what is great and powerful, and a contempt for everything mean and unreal; and inspired by a genial, expansive benevolence which feels as if it could embrace all mankind; she sets herself to study and comprehend this world which she so dearly loves, this life in which natures like hers find so much to satisfy and to enjoy, and yet where she sees so much evil and misery; and without looking for a guide, without depending on that which Providence gives her—as if indeed there were neither guide she must follow nor revelation to which she must bow—she sets herself to reconcile difficulties, to make a world of her own, an image of this present one, where things can go as she chooses, where she may follow out her speculations, and set to right all that is wrong in her own way; where she may allay the doubts and answer the questions of a restless, undisciplined spirit.

As a general rule, those powers which enable their possessor to understand character and motives, to follow the complex workings of society, and to portray all these with truth, pathos, and humor; that versatility of talent—susceptible, various, intuitive—that wide range of vision, which constitute the novelist, are not met in conjunction, are hardly compatible with the deep, clear, steady glance of abstract reasoning—the quiet brooding spirit, necessary to the moralist and the philosopher.

The talent for observation forever taking a man out of himself, the gift of imagination always arranging and combining its plastic creations, constructing an inner world in harmony with this outer one, naturally incline the mind to pursuits uncongenial with the calm severe research and concentrated intellect of the philosopher or theologian. Yet it is a common mistake with novelists to enter into these superior forbidden regions, and to suppose that because they can describe the world as it is, that therefore they can originate schemes and theories for making it better.

Theirs are powers of which they can hardly fail to be conscious, which set them up by unanimous consent above others, which most men are able to appreciate, and for which they receive a general homage; and yet all the while their steady reasoning faculties, the faculty of deducing one proposition from another and proceeding in due order from premises to conclusions, their powers of argument, their comprehension of a line of thought, may be below others, and they may be actually less capable than ordinary people of taking a clear, candid view. The intellect sharpened in one di-

rection may be blunted for want of use in another. Their habit of going out of themselves in perpetual observation, is in fact opposed to reflection; and probably they might have been profounder thinkers with less external exercise of this power. Yet, because they surpass others in one respect, they suppose themselves qualified to teach in all; they are not content to illustrate what is old and established, but must state some new moral of their own. Because they can portray a vivid scene, and invest their personages with characteristic look, and tone, and action—because they can tell what each will say and think under every contingency—very high and extraordinary gifts—they conclude that therefore they know best what is abstract truth; whereas the danger of such is, not to believe in abstract truth at all; to see, for instance, religious truth not as an external dogmatic creed, but as something that changes with the holder of it, and so to survey all shades of opinion from a superior eminence; to regard good and evil, not in their separate nature, their changeless antagonism, but only in their actual combination in the world as we see it. It is hard for those who intensely realize what they see, who dwell upon it and make social existence their study, to be severe enough. It is difficult, as has been said, to hate properly people that one knows;—a paradox which means, of course, not the people themselves but the error that is in them:—to believe in the amount of evil that may lie under a smooth and amiable surface, and to detect and unmask sin under all its fair disguises. Their temptation is, to excuse and overlook the evil for the apparent good. This is their *temptation*, we say—which ought to make them distrust themselves, and anchor and ground their faith on a definite creed; and if this is needful in all cases, much more in that of women, whose construction of mind qualifies them for minute observation, for appreciation of home virtues, and insight into social distinctions and shades of character; and who are eminently suited to instruct and advise in this sphere, but who are *not* formed to make philosophers, or moralists, or theologians, in the literal scholastic sense of these terms. If they wander after theories and strain for originality in this ungenial element, it will certainly be to the loss and sacrifice of their real powers. Of this many female authors furnish an example. How many women, gifted in their own line, and useful in it, have made themselves absurd, or dangerous, or become trite, and poor, and unreadable, by stepping out of the familiar paths of home life into the wilderness of polemics, or the vast ocean of abstract inquiry! And of this none furnishes a more striking example than Frederika Bremer, admirable in her own sphere—bewildered, presumptuous, profane, out of it. There is, indeed, so much that is immoral and directly irreligious in her works, that some apology may be needed for discussing them in these pages. But we fully believe that her case merits pity as well as blame; that, trained in a different school, she would have escaped many of these errors; that she suffers from the faulty,

ruinous system under which her mind has been developed; that her *Church* is in part to blame.

Lutheranism, that form of it at least that exists in Sweden, does not seem even to attempt to direct and guide its children. It leaves men's faith in their own keeping. It gives them a Bible, indeed, and it professes to give them a creed; but it leaves it to each individual mind to accept these, and adapt them to their own fancies and prejudices as they see fit. Thus we are assured, that while clergy and people profess to receive creeds, and symbolical books, and church ordinances, they only believe them so far as the Bible, interpreted by each individual, sanctions them; and the Bible they compare to the sun, which no two people can be certain that they see alike, and about which every one is welcome to have his own opinion.\* So long as they are churchmen in word, and acknowledge Lutheranism in word, they may think as they please; and as a confirmation of this, there is, in fact, no dissent in Sweden.

Lutheranism may be said to have had more entirely free course, to have more uninterruptedly developed itself, in Sweden than in any other country. It was introduced with little opposition, it was maintained elsewhere by one of its greatest kings, who won for himself the title so familiar to us as the "Defender of the Protestant faith;"—it still possesses the affection of its children; but it seems not even to desire to rule their minds, to teach, to train, to check, to control their faith. It would appear as if Miss Bremer offended no rule, was conscious of no departure from any profession, in advancing her extraordinary opinions. She uniformly shows affection for the religion of her country; her clergymen are good men; her favorite characters are taught and instructed by them; the best understanding appears to exist; her congregations are crowded and edified. She seems to feel no want, and can breathe freely. She would not desire to introduce another state of things. There is no indication of feeling under a yoke, but the uniform, sweet, unprovoked temper which implies absence of opposition or censure.

This state of the Swedish church has been felt and acknowledged by an able writer, himself an enthusiastic admirer of its founder; and has called forth all his skill, to account for what militates against his most cherished convictions. He treats the question in connection with the subject of the demoralized state of Sweden—an incontrovertible fact, which private sources confirm. We will give some of his preliminary statements, not only as information, but as in some sort exculpating our authoress, who, in the intimations of a bad state of society, which we find in her works, at least did not go out of her way to invent what does not actually exist. Taste and instinctive propriety, indeed, commonly preserve her from enlarging on scenes of wicked passion, though certain unfortunate exceptions to this prevailing rule rise to our memory, and forbid our trusting too

much to what seems a naturally pure and healthy imagination. However, whether a corrupt social state is portrayed or only inferred, its evil influence is taken for granted in characters scarcely less favorites with her on that account, and excused as something inevitable.

It is a singular and embarrassing fact, that the Swedish nation, isolated from the mass of the European people, and almost entirely agricultural or pastoral; having in about 3,000,000 of individuals only 14,925 employed in manufactories, and these not congregated in one or two places, but scattered among 2,037 factories; having no great standing army or navy; no extended commerce; no afflux of strangers; no considerable city but one; and having schools and universities in a fair proportion, and a powerful and complete church establishment undisturbed in its labors by sect or schism: is notwithstanding in a more demoralized state than any nation in Europe—more demoralized even than any equal portion of the dense manufacturing population of Great Britain. This is a very curious fact in moral statistics. It is so directly opposed to all received opinions and long established theories of the superior moral condition, greater innocence, purity of manners, and exemption from vice or crime, of the pastoral and agricultural state of society, compared to the commercial and manufacturing, that if it rested merely upon the traveller's own impressions, observations, or experience, it would not be entitled to any credit. The traveller in a foreign country swims on the surface of society—in contact, perhaps, with its worthless scum, as well as with its cream; and is not justified in drawing sweeping conclusions upon the moral character and condition of a whole people from what he may meet with in his own little circle of observation. I would not venture to state this fact upon any grounds less conclusive than the following.—*Laing's Observations on Sweden.*

Then follows a statement from the official returns, giving the number of prosecutions and convictions for criminal offences: all offences—he explains—involving some moral delinquency greater than the simple breach of a regulation or conventional law of the state; with a comparison between these returns and those of Norway, Denmark, Scotland, England, London, and Ireland, immeasurably to the disadvantage of Sweden. The rural population are bad, but Stockholm is worse.\* But we will not overwhelm our readers

\* Figures do not bring home to our imagination the moral condition of a population so depraved as that of Stockholm. \* \* \* \* Suppose a traveller standing in the streets of Edinburgh (as he might in Stockholm) and able to say from undeniable public returns, "One out of every three persons passing me is, on an average, the offspring of illicit intercourse; and one out of every forty-nine has been convicted within these twelve months of some criminal offence!" \* \* \* \* There are two minor causes, both however showing a degraded moral feeling, which were stated to me as contributing much to this low state of female morals. One is, that no woman in the middle or higher ranks, or who can afford to do otherwise, ever nurses her own child. A girl who has got a child is therefore not in a worse, but a better situation, as she is pretty sure of getting a place for two years, which is the ordinary time of nursing. The illegitimacy of the child is in this community rather in recommendation of the mother, as the family is not troubled with the father or friends; as to the girl's own child, there is a founding hospital—the second minor cause.—*Laing's Tour in Sweden.*

\* Schubert on the Swedish Church. See also an Article on the Swedish Church, *Christian Remembrancer*, April, 1847.



with pages of figures, from which the majority of mankind can gather so little. Mr. Laing proceeds to give his views of the causes of this astonishing state of things, and enumerates various reasons—as, for instance, the preponderance of privileged classes, and the influence and example of a dissolute court. The cause, however, which most concerns our argument, and which appears to us most remarkable, he leaves to the last; we give it with his remarks, reminding our readers that Mr. Laing himself is a zealous Presbyterian, and therefore not likely to be biassed on the side of his argument; his acknowledged character for candor and impartiality may at any rate justify us in assigning some weight to it:—

Another cause I conceive to be, that although Luther's reformation found the minds of men in part of Germany, Switzerland, Holland, England, and Scotland, prepared for it, and demanding a form of Christianity more intellectual, more addressed to the understanding, and less to the senses, than that of the Roman Catholic church, the public mind in Sweden was in no such advanced state. The change was the act of government, connected apparently with the policy of the new dynasty, and supported by an enlightened few, and by the inferior resident clergy, not averse to be relieved from celibacy and other restraints; but the public mind appears to have been in a state of apathy, in that age, on religious concerns. No sects, schisms, preachings, meetings, publications, indicate such a ferment in the public mind here at the time of the reformation as in England, Scotland, and other countries. The resident Catholic clergy became, with few exceptions, Lutheran; and a few ceremonies less, a little difference in church forms, were all the changes which the mass of people saw; for the public mind was not advanced so far as to appreciate the difference of doctrine. Gustavus I. always denied that he had introduced a new doctrine; and at the beginning of John III.'s reign, says Geyer, the people did not know but that they were still Catholics singing Swedish mass. The country is too extensive and too thinly peopled, even at the present day, for the effectual diffusion of religious knowledge, or the spread of zeal, by preachings, or the press. As far as regards the influence of religion on morals and conduct in private life, I conceive the reformation has not worked beneficially in Sweden. It found the public mind dormant, and sensible to nothing in religion but the external observances of a ceremonial church; and was superinduced on it in that state, and in that state it remains. In no country are the exterior forms and decencies of public worship better attended to. The churches are substantial, and not merely well kept up, but even decorated inside and outside; and there is a kind of competition between parishes for erecting elegant structures for public worship. The clergy are fairly endowed, well lodged, and in general on good terms with their flocks; they are all well educated men, and form a body of great power in the state, the chamber of clergy being one of the constituent parts of the diet. Yet, with all these exterior signs of a religious state of the public mind, and with all the means of a powerful church establishment unopposed by sect or schism to make it religious, it is evident, from the official returns of crime, that in no Christian community has religion less influence on the state of public

morals. The just inference is, that no spirit truly religious has ever been generally kindled in this country; that the reformation, as far as regards the moral condition of the Swedish people, has done harm rather than good, for it has merely substituted one ceremonial church for another; and that which it supplanted, if considered apart from religious doctrine or sentiment, and merely as an establishment for the check of immorality in private conduct, by its observances and rules was, of the two, the more effective system of rural police over a rude and ignorant people. Rude and ignorant as the Irish Catholic population are, their priesthood keeps them free from such a list of heavy crimes as Lutheran Sweden presents from her rural population alone, in numbers little exceeding 2,735,000 souls.

So incompetent does Mr. Laing deem the Lutheran church of Sweden to stem the torrent of evil that threatens to overwhelm it, that his hopes, after all, rest exclusively in the lower orders:—

The regeneration of Sweden, her restoration to the rank of a moral nation, will probably be effected by means directly opposite to those which are working on society in England. There, it is the influence of a virtuous middle and higher class, penetrating through a mass of ignorance, poverty, and vice, in the vast population called into existence by our manufacturing prosperity. Here the impulse will come from below. It will be a virtuous, laboring population, influencing a priesthood and upper class; the former, too far removed by corporate and political rights from the condition of the class they should instruct; the latter, dissolute, idle, dependent on court favor, and independent of moral character or public opinion.—*Laing's Observations on Sweden.*

In the eyes, then, of an impartial inquirer, Swedish Lutheranism is to its children merely a religion of forms; one that exacts only an external obedience, or perhaps we should say acquiescence, and is content to leave their thoughts free and uncontrolled. Nor are its rules very burdensome or stringent. Though the lower orders are described as excellent church-goers, the higher classes, if we may trust our authoress, appear to suit their convenience in this respect, and to wish to make up by excited devotion when they do go to church, for the absence of a punctual, even weekly attendance. Daily service, and that a mere shadow, is only kept up in one or two cathedrals; but the chief festivals are splendidly and universally observed. As a fact, persons seem able to conform to their national church, and yet retain with it a certain opposing worship after their own heart, according to their individual fancy and intellectual development. No one can become acquainted with Scandinavian literature without being struck by the evident hold which the old heathen worship maintains over all minds, ignorant or refined. The land is full of superstitions, which the poor blindly believe, and join with their Christianity; and which the intellectual refine, philosophize, poetize upon. Their hearts are, as it were, yet set upon, still cling to, their old gods. It is a sort of patriotism and national pride to talk to



one another of Thor, and Odin, "Valkyria, and the good Balder;" to repeat the heathen legends, to quote the Sagas and the Edda, "that love for the great and strong may awake therefrom." These names are still household words among them; they haunt them in their solitary musings, amid the beautiful scenes of nature, and in their dreams. The old gods of the land have still a half-unconscious worship; they fall in strangely with the new lights of the age, and are in a kind of grotesque harmony with the spirit of the nineteenth century; and men who would think it unphilosophical implicitly to believe their Bible, will seek for deep meanings and hidden truths in the fierce, wild legends of their barbarous forefathers. We are reminded of the inhabitants of the Samaritan cities, who feared the Lord, and at the same time served their own gods. This may be felt a harsh judgment, but the *fact*, at least, of a continued reference to heathenism, and that in an affectionate tone, cannot be denied. We, too, have had ancestors who worshipped Thor and Odin; but who ever talks about them? who regards them with more reverence than if they were so many six-armed Hindoo idols? It may be one of the many boasted advantages of our mixed race, that such temptations have been driven out of us. They are, however, as we have said, very tractable deities, and follow the triumphal car of modern enlightenment with a somewhat crest-fallen submission. Though these gods of the land have a certain precedence and permanence, yet all claims to divinity are listened to; and our authoress sometimes shows herself very strikingly impressed with a fine statue of Minerva or Hebe—not *merely* with the sculptor's skill, but as if he had infused a certain spirit and presence into his work.

All this being granted when the occasion allows such displays, our authoress, in the ordinary progress of her narratives, shows frequently a devotional spirit and a pious fervor inconsistent enough with the propensity we have dwelt upon; but there is one attribute in the God of Christians which does not enter into her creed, which forms no part of her idea of the Supreme Being;—she does not see in Him "a jealous God!"—the awful announcement must be a stumbling-block to her, as to many others, which recalls the thunders of Sinai in our dispensation of mercy—"Our God is a jealous God, and a consuming fire." There is in her writings, and doubtless in her heart, much piety and warm devotion—reverence for holiness of life—longings after the invisible—high aspirations—good thoughts; but no fear; no jealous, exclusive worship. The Christian faith, with her, is one of many systems—the crowning system, and as such to be preferred;—but it is not *the* one truth as opposed to all error; it is not a creed stern, dogmatic, uncompromising; but a blending of all that in her mind is good and fair, and a rejection of all that her heart shrinks from; and it is her own reason, or, as she thinks it, the heart of man, that is the standard and guide, not an external inexorable rule, to which man's rea-

son must submit itself. The aim, rather, is to fit Christianity to the size and stature of each mind, and to persuade people to be religious by assuring them they already are so; by telling them that the thoughts which spring naturally in them *are* in fact Christianity, if they did but know it; not calling on them to renounce their own imaginations, and embrace a creed in some sort, perhaps, repugnant to their undisciplined reason. With this state of mind, a church of externals to affect and excite the imagination, and yet making no stern exclusive demands on the faith and reason, exactly harmonizes. There seems no need for them ever to come into collision, nor does it appear that they ever do. Novelists must not, we know, be regarded as authority in such a question as the efficiency of a church, except so far as what we read in their works tallies with what we learn from other sources, when, as a sort of indirect evidence, their testimony may be received. In our country, we feel convinced that any writer advancing such opinions as we find in Miss Bremer, would be in direct antagonism with his church, not in apparent harmony with it. The particular individual theories advanced are of course, as in all fictions, those of the authoress herself, for which no one else need be accountable.

However, Miss Bremer's do not *aim* to be what in any strict sense may be called religious novels. She takes her own course, developing her own views, apparently not conscious of infringing any rule, or opposing any man's prejudices. She has one enigma which she seeks to solve, and one panacea for all evils moral and physical. The enigma—the question of questions, is, "What is Life?"—the universal panacea is "Love;" and these two watchwords pervade all her works.

And first, of "Life." Authors have, by prescriptive right, the privilege of representing the whole world, the entire human family, as exclusively occupied with their own peculiar speculations; and Miss Bremer gives up none of the advantages her position thus offers her. With her, the whole world—young or old, grave or gay, prosperous or unfortunate—is perplexed, overwhelmed, engrossed, by that problem called Life; what it is, in what it consists, who has it, and who has it not. Not very intelligible questions; and, as definite subjects of inquiry, we believe, absolutely unknown to the world at large; but apparently the first thought of the opening mind in Sweden. Life has many meanings, which adds greatly to the difficulties of the solution. With Miss Bremer it sometimes means thought, sometimes excitement, sometimes success and prosperity, sometimes sympathy, sometimes happiness—knowledge—acquaintance with self—the fulfilment of active duties—impulse—feeling—animation—enjoyment; anything and everything that is not dull, inanimate, sleepy, unreal; and the too frequent tendency of the discussions on these various aspects is to make this life all in all, to make the present everything, and in it practically to forget the future. There is a permanency and suffi-

ciency given to it; it is a palace, and not a caravansary. As the scene of our probation, it has a length and breadth and height given to it; not like "the ship that passeth over the waves of the waters, and the trace thereof cannot be found;" nor "the bird, which when it has flown through the air, no token of her way can be seen;" nor "the arrow shot at a mark," nor "the life that passeth away like a shadow." There is no sympathy with such images of transitoriness as these. With her, life is real, not only as it affects our immortal interests, but it is something real, admirable, *sufficient* in itself. And if a sense of its insufficiency will creep in, it is only because men are yet ignorant of the glories to which mortal life can attain;—the period of universal enlightenment is to come; we may even live to see it; we may now realize it to ourselves if we will. Visions are opened out of what is to be; we are not always to be imperfect, not always shortcomers, beginners, in this world. "Life" is to be something complete, with developed powers and capacities for happiness; with a beginning, a middle, and an end; with not only "rich moments," but rich periods; not mere foretastes of a future state of things, but a settled, present, blissful existence. This vision of life, it is no wonder, stands in some measure for heaven; it dazzles the eyes till they cannot see beyond. It is one of the forms of setting up the temporal against the eternal, which would seem to belong peculiarly to a self-indulgent, luxurious age; not denying the eternal and unseen, even in thought, but *looking* at the present, and teaching the heart to be satisfied with it—as with health and spirits and active intellect men can readily be; and into Miss Bremer's earthly paradise they will admit no other. Those who, to use her fanciful language, at present "creep mole-like round the roots of the tree of life"—those who are dull, unfortunate, sick, stupid, must look about them. She feels pity for them; she would willingly raise them to her level; she seeks to work a transformation in their "inner life;" but if, in spite of these benevolent pains, dull and sick and sorrowful they still remain, there is no room for them in the terrestrial paradise—they must knock at another door. Here are promises of a glorious earthly future.

How often does it not suddenly penetrate man as he goes on his way, amid his own activity, with an inexpressible clearness, with an infinite happiness—the beam of a higher, incomprehensible life passes over him, and he is compelled to exclaim, "There is a God!" and yet there are so many poor forlorn ones who are in want of everything which gives worth to life. It will not continue so! The prophets have had their time; the heroes their great days—now comes MAN. But mankind is legion; and every individual of this great mass steps forward in these days with his own authority before heaven, and demands room upon earth for his freedom, for his love, for his activity, for his happiness. That there should be at first much thronging, much cuffling and pushing, is only natural. All press towards the healing, fresh-bubbling fountain—all will fill their cups. Many get thrust

back and trodden down; but patience! it will be better; for the leaders of the people have spoken to the rocks, and these have opened their bosoms, and have poured forth a higher and a richer stream. In time all will be satisfied, all will have drunk.

One fountain is there whose deep-lying vein has only just begun to throw up its silvery drops among mankind—a fountain which will allay the thirst of millions, and will give to those who drink from it peace and joy. It is knowledge, the fountain of intellectual cultivation, which gives health to mankind, makes clear his vision, brings joy to his life, and breathes over his soul's destiny a deep repose. Go and drink therefrom, thou whom fortune has not favored, and thou wilt soon find thyself rich! Thou mayest go forth into the world and find thyself everywhere at home; thou canst cultivate thyself in thy own little chamber; thy friends are ever around thee, and carry on wise conversations with thee; nature, antiquity, heaven, are accessible to thee! The industrious kingdom of the ant, the works of man, the rainbow and Runic records, offer to thy soul equal hospitality. The magnificence of creation illuminates not only thy eye, it glorifies also thy thoughts, it enlightens thy understanding. Oh! with such observations, with such impressions, feelings, adorations, has not earthly life enough! Enough! O inexpressibly infinitely much! But how is it enough—how is it so much! Eternal Fountain of light and life! Because by that means we approach thee.

We must now give some instances of the form of the ceaseless inquiries we first described, and the answers they elicit; and they must be taken very much at random. Nina, the dreaming, half-alive, beautiful daughter of the president, thus interrogates the stern Edla, her elder sister:—

"Clouds gather over my soul and disquiet me. \* \* \* I wish I could penetrate them with my glance; they veil from me a clearness which I yearn after. Ah! Edla, tell me what is life? what it means to live?" "Life, my dear child, is a warfare. To live, means to develop our strength, our in-dwelling goodness." "But happiness, Edla, what is happiness?" "To know oneself—that gives peace and freedom." "But, Edla, what is enjoyment, what is joy? \* \* \* How does one conquer one's weaknesses?" "When we unite ourselves with thorough earnestness to a stronger, higher life—to God, or to a clear, vigorous, human soul."

Of Edla herself it is said—

Her glance was still and penetrating; one felt that the soul which spoke out of it had fought its way to peace—that it lay not in indolent ease, but went seeking and inquiring after the reality of life.

Adelaide, the beautiful bride, exclaims to her husband—

"O Alarik! how beautiful is life! How pleasant to live!" "To live," repeated Count Alarik, thoughtfully; "and what is it to live?" asked he, smiling. "To love!" replied Adelaide, "and to adore Him who gave us love!"

This Count Alarik had now satisfied his former longings. "It is not easy to express by words what I desired. I wanted life! life to press to my heart." The dark Bruno makes the same reflections.

"Serena appears, and with her the angel of life,

her whom I have profaned and despised. Do not say it is too late. I have wrestled with the wild spirits of life. \* \* \* In the battle-field, in contending against the raging elements, I felt a higher, mightier life; but then all was blank, blank! I had no belief that the fulness of life could be found in a human breast, \* \* \* but if I could press a wife," &c. &c.

A certain Don Juan sings a song which strangely affects his hearers.

She would that she might have died at that moment; and yet never before had she such a foretaste of the fulness and the affluence of life as then.

An affected young lady is awakened to real feeling, and exclaims—

"I feel myself humbled, and yet elevated; I wish to be able to return to nature and truth!" "You would like to leave what is artificial for true nature—is it not so?" said I. "You would like to comprehend nature, and restore to life its deep interest!"

The disconsolate Jeremias Munter, in "The Home," is advised to write a book; he answers, with disgust—

"No, I will not write, but I wish to——live! I have sometimes dreamt that I could live."

The reader will be glad to hear that towards the end of the volume he accomplishes this dream, when at his grand climacteric he married the real object of this aspiration. The hapless Petrea, in somewhat the same predicament, took a voyage for the recovery of her spirits.

"I stood (she writes) facing the wind and space, and allowed the foam of the sea to sprinkle my lips and eyes; a gentle shudder ran through me, and I felt that life was beautiful. \* \* \* I drank the morning wind; I opened my heart to life!"

Lagertha, the fair sculptor, wanders among the cliffs and ports of Iceland. "That was a time of fresh life." In her father's house she was visited by unrest—

That thirst and longing for a life, an activity; that thirsting for a fulness of existence for which she believed herself to be destined, and which so many others renounce.

Clara, the reserved maiden in "Nina," whose silence, whose composure, whose never-ending sewing, form such an atmosphere of repose, in the midst of all the clever, excitable, exalted personages of the piece, "has yet within her a rich and full life," which very much annoys the gifted and witty Miss Greta, who, endowed with all that fortune, the world, and the interests of life could confer, had often felt an inward emptiness in vexatious contrast with this "inward fulness of life." The domestic life of the north cannot fail to be affected by the long winters and interminable evening hours. The tendency in man to sympathize with this sleep of nature, little accords with Miss Bremer's ardent spirit. She thus happily describes its influence:—

"Calm, but wearisome," might be the motto of

every-day life of a great many families in the north, during long periods. The evenings—the time of shadows—are long with us, and none can escape from their dominion. The inclination of life to drowsiness and sleep is felt more or less, at certain times, by every one. Perhaps it is a good, a merciful institution, this slumbrous state of life! When the bear sleeps in his winter den, he knows no longings, no wants; he knows not that the snow falls, that the storm raves; perceives not the long winter, its darkness and its frost. Yet "Watch," says the gospel; and no living soul can long sleep in this way; and we firmly and fully believe that there exists in man the power to make the time of twilight one of morning twilight or evening twilight for his whole life.

A very different state of things prevails where her fancy has free scope, as in the "Brothers and Sisters," who, having passed through their various trials and probations, reassemble towards the end of the volume with minds and characters formed after her model, to commence the regeneration of society.

It was an active, merry, restless, strange life which prevailed there. There were now together young, powerful human beings, who upon different paths had developed their different talents, and who, by means of them, had attained to clearness and stability even in the outward life. They had arrived at a certain station in their life's career, and now a pause occurred, or rather a moment of rest. Most of them felt that something new must now take place, a higher, a more perfect development of life. \* \* \* They were all together every day, in particular every evening, these warm, struggling souls. There were they all alive with news from foreign lands, thoughts about mankind, the times, life, both the inward and the outward; then did heart and brain open their chambers and give and receive new light. Drop fell to drop, fire kindled fire, and the household gods of home guarded and watched it, whilst all the winds of heaven blew up the flames.

In spite of so much that is false in thought and feeling in all this, and the mannerism with which it is often expressed, we cannot read Mrs. Bremer's views of life, and especially her thoughts on social life, (which rather pervade her works, and are expressed in the example and opinions of her most attractive characters, than can be extracted in formal sentences,) without entering into the truth and reason of much that she says, and sharing her aspirations, that the world at large, not to say ourselves, were possessed of a "richer life"—"a fuller life"—"an inner life." It is a sort of slang into which the thoughts readily fall, and which expresses some vague, indefinite wants. It is, in fact, a sad thing that social life (we do not of course include domestic) should be so dull a thing as it is; that intercourse which in books can be represented as so pleasant, so attractive, so invigorating, should be so wearisome, so dispiriting—such waste of time, in real life. That people from year to year should meet and sit and talk, and yet their meetings produce no warmer cordiality, their sittings no more friendly intimacy, their talkings no new interchange of ideas, no mutual kindlings of thought, no lighter refreshments of wit and vivacity. That two persons should meet, each fairly endowed, each with



innate powers of entertaining, (as who can literally be without them?) each with capabilities for reflection, each with real interests, if they could but be got at; and should yet part so weary of each other's company, so gaping, so dull. After such occasions as these—familiar to all of us—who does not reflect something after the manner of our authoress on "Life," though the word does not suggest itself? Who does not ask himself, in a sort of desperation, "Can nothing be done?" Is it inevitable that men should always assemble together to conceal their thoughts, to present their husks and rinds to one another, and never come really into contact and collision; to talk of what does not interest or concern them, to discuss the worn-out topic, to listen to the thrice-told tale, which neither occupies the speaker nor his hearers; to prose on simply to pass that time which would be so precious at home, and without thought of either giving or receiving instruction or amusement; and yet know all the while that they are capable of better things; that all have some feelings and interests worthy of sympathy, if they could but be roused, some thoughts not altogether trite and common, and a tongue which in expressing them can flow naturally, if not eloquently, and win a glad and unforced attention; know that the eye which looks so dully upon us can sparkle, the features that hang so heavily relaxed can collect themselves into all the vivid beauty of expression; that all these who are so insipid to each other have what Miss Bremer calls "an inner life," by which, if it could but be developed and got at, we should be interested, amused, refreshed—benefited in some way?

It is not safe, however—not conducive to charity or modesty, to call our neighbors, for any cause, insipid, to use hard words towards them, without each including himself in the censure, and sharing the blame, which in such cases is commonly mutual. There is a good reproof from Mrs. Gunilla, in "The Home," of the exclusive and critical spirit to which we are all too liable, which we will extract as an antidote, if what we have said needs one. She is in conversation, so to call it, with the cynical Jeremias Munter. We add his rejoinder, as being also upon the subject:—

"I like to see," cried Mrs. Gunilla, speaking shrilly and staccato, "I like to see my fellow-creatures, and like them to see me. If they are not always agreeable, why I am not always agreeable myself. Heart's dearest! people must have patience with one another in this world! and we should not always presume or exact of each other. Bless me! I must be satisfied with the world, and with my own fellow-creatures as they are created. I cannot bear people who constantly blame and criticize, and make sour faces at everything, and say, 'I will not have this,' and 'I will not have that,' and 'I will not have it so,' and 'It is so wrong, it is unbearable,' and 'It is tiresome, it is stupid!' just as if they themselves were the only bearable, amusing, and witty persons! No, I have been taught better manners than that. It is true, I have no genius, no learning, nor any talents, as so many others must have now-a-days, but I have learnt how to behave myself." At the same time that this lec-

ture was going on, the assessor endeavoring to out-cry it, exclaimed, "And have you the least pleasure in your blessed social life! No, that you have not! What else is social life but a struggle to get into the world in order to find the world intolerable! but to plan and wish for an invitation; to be offended and low-spirited if not invited; and if invited, to complain of dullness and weariness, and afterwards to repeat the complaint! Then to ask a great many people to come to one's own house, and wish them a long way off; and all this in order to become poorer, more out of humor, and less healthy; in one word, to gain a perfectly false position, vis-a-vis of happiness." "There is not a single word of truth in all you have said," was the last but laughing salutation of Mrs. Gunilla to the assessor.

We are disposed to think that, for some cause or other, society with us is at a low ebb at present; great contentions, important differences, conflicts of thought and opinion, such as have torn the moral world of late years, may in some measure account for this. People are afraid to trust one another with their inmost feelings. If they talk of what interests them, they may trench on tender ground. It is safest to be dull, to expatiate on mere externals, and touch on no principles; caution is the prevailing influence of many a circle, and how far this state of things is removed from *relaxation*, is easily seen. But in itself it is an evil, and if only a local and temporal evil in its present extent, we may hope for a remedy. On this subject, Miss Bremer has thoughts worth listening to, and a most happy ideal of what the conversation of society ought to be. One chief charm of her books, is the fresh, easy, original flow of thought and graceful vivacity of her social scenes. They are full of felicitous reflections on men and things, showing comprehensive sympathy, feeling, experience, delicate satire, and at once keen and good-natured powers of observation. In all matters of social deportment, as kindness, temper, forbearance in difficult circumstances; in inculcating simplicity, sincerity, and truth; in exposing affectation and pretension; in leading the reader to value men and things for what they really are, rather than for their estimation in the world; in all these points her works contain many useful lessons—lessons which we can imagine to have real weight and influence with young people, for whom they are especially designed. All her earlier stories contain happy examples of what we mean. "The Neighbors" abounds in pleasant domestic and social scenes, where real conversation is carried on. Miss Helevi Housgebil, the sprightly old maid, and Franciska, the Bear's wife, graceful, lively, sympathizing, full of tact and good sense, are always saying something practically useful or amusing; and Miss Greta, and the Baron H., in the "President's Daughters," are instances of the same, with comments, just and witty, on the characters and incidents that pass before them. On these points, a Swedish lady may properly be a guide and instructress; for in no country, we are told, are women endowed with greater natural sweetness and grace of manner. Indeed, the whole people seem gifted with good manners. Mr.

Laing, so severe in their want of more important virtues, gives his testimony to the sweetness, grace, and propriety universal in the deportment of all classes, high and low. "The nobility have the appearance and manners of gentlemen in the highest degree;" and of the common people he says, "Whatever may be the want of morals in this country, there is no want of manners. You may travel through the country, and come to the conclusion that the people are the most virtuous in Europe." Again, "There is a simplicity of taste, an innocence and openness about these people, even here, in Stockholm, which seems quite inconsistent with that moral degradation and vice which exists beyond all doubt. It is impossible to reconcile the appearance with the facts, without supposing that there is in Sweden, and here in Stockholm, a great mass, a great majority, to judge from appearances, as uncorrupted, as simple in their habits, tastes, and modes of living, as any population in Europe." Again, he describes the Swedish peasant as kissing the hand of his superior, and bowing with a grace that many a country gentleman in Queen Victoria's court might envy. It would seem, then, that in good and graceful manners, in all that may be termed the art of society, (as a *moral art*, which it may be regarded,) Miss Bremer, both from her own and her national gifts, is fitted to be a teacher. It cannot be too much regretted, then, that she should have departed so widely from her proper sphere. Good easy natural manners, the art of making every one happy and at ease, must be an index of something good within, of something worthy of imitation, and we might have profited by these foreign examples of this gift. We might have learnt from Miss Bremer, how to pass a leisure hour at once more pleasantly and more profitably. Her hints might have made our "inner life" more accessible to each other; but as it is, the good of her books is overshadowed by the greater evil, and they cease to be a safe school in even this minor department of morals. Her views develop into such strangeness, that we must learn to distrust them, even when apparently most innocent.

But to return from this long digression to the great question of "life." In connection with her adoration of this earthly being, is her evident shrinking from decay and death; not that death is absent from her thoughts, or that she does not sometimes avail herself very freely of its agency; but death, as absolutely irresistible, is a growing *crux*, and is becoming almost revolting to her feelings. She imagines human strength contending against it, and prevailing in the contest. She invokes unheard of powers of nature to her aid. In this spirit she delights in impossible, we may say, miraculous cures; in bringing people to the very jaws of death, the verge of the grave, when by all natural laws they must die, and then snatching them from it by some new discovery of science. In the case, for example, of Augustin, one of the "Brothers," in her last work; he is sinking under a fatal disease, or what is expected to prove so;

and is attended by a bevy of physicians, who are without hope; his sister, in despair, writes to her old lover in India, and conjures him to come and help her; he obeys the summons, brings a plant of unknown powers which he has discovered in the East, applies it, and effects a complete cure; a contemptible piece of *hocus pocus*, which no sensible mind, unwarping by fancy or theory, could have devised. Two other personages in the same book are restored to health, and live, in much the same impossible fashion.

A more vivid instance of this impression or aspiration, this notion of opposing death, is given in "The President's Daughters." Adelaide is dying for grief at the desertion of her lover; the symptoms of her illness are mysterious, and would probably puzzle the faculty. Her lover, Count Alarik, is one of Miss Bremer's favorite *strong* characters; superior to many, high-minded, and pure in morals, feelings, and aims; a philosopher and a believer, a man of powerful mind and strong will. The misunderstanding is cleared up, and he returns to Adelaide and finds her dying. The scene is vividly given. She is resigned to death; but to him, her loss is annihilation. He, as it were, "struggles with the angel of death." "*He would not let her die*," it is said, and she lives. It frequently appears as if, with all her admiration for the grace of resignation, she gives it to her weaker characters—her stronger and more vigorous ones can do without it; they can conquer imminent dangers, they need not then submit to them. It is in the same spirit that she makes her weak, dreaming, uncertain "Nina" impressed with the shortness and vanity of life, while her more vigorous natures find it "enough, inexpressibly enough."

From Life, the transition with Miss Bremer is inevitable to Love, holding, as it does, so leading a place in her list of remedies. It is indeed more potent than all the herbs of the East, and perhaps with more reason. With her the word is everything, for in order to adapt it to the wants of all her characters in their different moral stages, she is obliged to allow great deviations in its meaning. She confounds heavenly and earthly love, pure and impure, lawful affection and idolatry. There is but one absolutely necessary quality; so it is but strong, an intense passion, it is the wonder-working, reforming power. She does not oppose mortal and divine love, but takes them for one and the same, and literally applies the words in Scripture which relate to the one, to the other.

In "The Neighbors" there is a woman, a certain Hagar, a disgraceful appendage to Bruno's establishment, who, after in a fit of jealousy attempting to kill her rival, Serena, dies from a wound by her own hand; her love, we might suppose, had few of the heavenly or divine qualities in it, yet in her dying confession, when she lies humbled and subdued, converted as it were by the "angel" Serena, she says, "My love to him was my punishment (for former misdeeds;) it has bowed, but improved my soul." Indeed, practically Miss Bremer will not allow any intense love

of the creature to be other than a good thing; and in cases where she disapproves, which do occasionally occur, she treats them as the fruit of idleness and emptiness of mind, as it so often is—as something unreal. It is because it is a sham, a mere mode of passing the time, that she feels hatred and contempt for it. But as an *idolatrie*, she sympathizes in all cases, even where she cannot in words approve. Indeed, this is almost necessary, to fulfil all her requirements of strength and devotion.

If thou love—if thou sincerely love—if in thy friend's heart, in her eye, thou have found the sabbath of thy soul—if in love and its perfection thou have conceived of the goodness of God and the bliss of heaven, and thou be forced to fear that the beating of that heart will cease beneath thy hand; \*\*\*\* if then, with the sentiment of the infinite love in thy breast, thou art ready to defy Heaven itself to give a higher happiness than thy love would have given;—if thou have experienced these sentiments of tremulous love, of remorse, of strife with Heaven itself, then thou canst understand, &c.

Again, in "Brothers and Sisters," Engel, represented as peculiarly innocent and religious, speaks thus of her atheist lover:

If above me there was a world full of light and beauty, with angels' songs, and all the glory of the world or of heaven, but *he* was not there—and if below me were another world, dark and desolate, cold and silent as the grave, but *he* was there; in which of the two would I be! In the grave, in the grave, in eternal darkness, with him!

At this profession, Hedvig, the elder, pattern sister, the idea of perfection, "smiled; a gentle light was kindled in her eye through a swelling tear!"

How a writer of Miss Bremer's natural penetration should really be delighted with such proofs of affection as this, should attach any weight to them, even so far as they profess to go—that she should imagine any person nearer doing this, for saying it, supposing her brought to the proof, and the scene of eternal horror and darkness as visibly before her eyes, as this world and her lover now are—that she should believe there is anything in the nature of a sacrifice in the profession, is wonderful, and is a proof how stupifying and blinding such imaginations are. It simply proves that the speaker is engrossed with the present passion, to the utter disregard, that is, *disbelief*, for the time, of anything beyond. It shows that at the time Engel did not practically believe in either heaven or hell; she simply wished to indulge her present inclination. There is nothing finer in all this, than in giving way to any temptation. All who live in sin, simply prefer present gratification to future consequences. However, Miss Bremer evidently considers it a noble sentiment, a sort of desperate heroic generosity, to defy Heaven. When Adelaide spoke of the happiness reserved for her in heaven, her lover answered, "None will love you as I do, Adelaide; can happiness be increased when the bands of love are sundered? can any one understand you as I do? could angels give you more

bliss than I! O Adelaide, have you learnt to mistrust the strength of my affection?" Again, her lovers idolize one another in a more extravagant style than most venture upon. This is a fault not confined to our authoress, and she may think that she has in her vocation a prescriptive right to adopt the language of worship; however, she carries it further than we are used to, for whereas we are accustomed to hear men (in books) call women angels, she makes her fair ladies so address our rougher sex.

"Oh! I knew it!" cried Nina, "filled with heavenly confidence and superhuman love. Are you not an angel?"

We could multiply examples of love and love-making, in all their innumerable bearings and aspects, *ad infinitum*, but they are not wanted for any purpose of our own, and would not prove very edifying to our readers. None but a woman certainly could give this sentiment so commanding and abiding a control over all the concerns of life. We must, however, in justice to Miss Bremer say, that with so much for grave censure and reprobation on this topic, she is free from many of the commoner, vulgarer errors in its mode of treatment. We have no designing mothers or designing daughters; nor, in spite of all her preposterous expectations of "life" and power from marriage, does she yet treat it as the sole object of woman's ambition. She does not forget respect to her sex; she has proper *esprit-de-corps*—almost too much so, we must think, for her ordinary mode of viewing the marriage tie is simply as instructing, reforming, edifying the men. The harsh nature is to be softened, the irreligious converted, the heedless sobered, the evil liver reformed, the bashful made self-possessed, the awkward refined; and all this without a corresponding class of advantages to the other side. The ladies are a sort of guardian angel, who sacrifice their own peace to us ruder mortals for our good. All that men can impart in return is *strength*—a quality of which indeed Miss Bremer makes a great point, but it is a severe and bitter tonic to most of the gentle beings who require the remedy, as in the pathetic case of poor Nina, who has the austere and forbidding Count Ludvig as it were forced down her throat, and literally dies of the bitter draught.

Except the latest of Miss Bremer's productions, which heads our list, her works have been read by most who have learned to feel interest in them, or care to do so. Their cheap form brings them within the reach of most readers; and, from our observation of both styles of translating, we give a decided preference to some of these same cheaper translations, over the expensive and much boasted ones by Mrs. Howitt, which often betray great hurry and carelessness, and are disfigured by some vulgar colloquialisms that disturb us in the best scenes—"a many," "a deal," &c. &c. Each novel has its peculiar set of characters, which harmonize well together, and are remembered in connection with each other; but all her stories are deficient in plot and arrangement, to a degree



which prevents many readers from ever appreciating their otherwise great ability. They are, in fact, what she calls them, with some consciousness of her want of skill as a story-architect—"Sketches," groupings of characters and scenes, rather than well ordered fictions. And it is surprising how important a well managed, well arranged plot is to the interest. The scenes tell so much more when given in proper order, and leading up to a climax. But in Miss Bremer, the climax may be anywhere; sometimes in the beginning, as in "The H— Family;" sometimes in the middle, as in "The Home;" and then, after this pleasant excitement, we have to wander off in the dark, as it were, not knowing what to expect, or why we wait any longer; while she introduces new characters and fresh incidents, which would have done excellently well to lead up to a grand climax, but seem poor or out of place, or long-drawn-out, after. And if her stories suffer so much at present from this defect, their continuance in general acceptance and popularity is likely to be still more affected. They stand a chance of being forgotten, like so many loose leaves. In the best of these novels, however, there is always some one point of attraction, some leading character, which concentrates our interest, in a way partly to atone for the want of artistical arrangement. In "The Neighbors," it is *ma chère mère*, perhaps the most striking and original of all Miss Bremer's conceptions; her strength and her weaknesses harmonize so well together, and make such a complete whole. No woman can assume a man's position and tone of mind, and affect masculine habits, without exhibiting, by way of indemnity, a counterbalancing array of weaknesses and absurdities. Masculine women, whatever their natural gifts and ability, have always whims and eccentricities which incur ridicule. These, in *ma chère mère*, are admirably set off one against the other, and are sketched with a free, vigorous, assured hand. The artist is so confident in her own power of keeping up the reader's respect for her subject, that she does not fear to make her consistent with herself, by little strokes of ridicule in the most critical positions and circumstances. These give reality to what otherwise might seem extravagant, and sustain our interest and curiosity to the end.

In "The President's Daughters" the centre of attraction is Adelaide. She is a beauty; and no author, we think, has succeeded better in giving a real impression of beauty and its influence on others, than in this instance. With all the pains that poets and novelists lavish on their heroines, it is comparatively a rare thing for the imagination to be in the least taken by their pictures, which are commonly mere catalogues of charms and accomplishments, nothing that we can realize as a woman. Serena, the day to Bruno's night, is little more than this: so, after all, our feelings are less disgusted by the sacrifice than they otherwise would be. But Adelaide is charming, because she is something real and harmonious. She has those qualities in happy combination which

constitute what is meant by a beauty, and of which features, though indispensable, are the least. How often, for example, are seen in society faces, perfect in their way, that have feature, complexion, every external requisite; neither are they, perhaps, wanting in mind; and yet they are nothing—so to say! they make no impression on the fancy, and appear to fail in the purpose for which beauty was designed, from their not seeming to correspond with anything within. But sometimes appears a vision where external beauty harmonizes with, and is as it were formed by, the soul which inspires it, and is gifted with a certain emanating grace, giving it voice and meaning. Then is beauty an influence, a power, a gift for good or evil, which, if seen rightly, refreshes our spirits like the sight of the sea, or the fresh winds of spring.

And this is Adelaide, with her spontaneous goodness, which costs her so little effort; and is, in fact, the fruit of a happy temperament living in an atmosphere of love, rather than self-discipline. Goodness which shows traces of struggle, of hard conquest over evil, however noble, is not lovable like that which seems to result from a genial, warm, pure nature, and which delights us, like genius, by its facility. What springs of itself has seemingly a richer luxuriance than what careful cultivation will produce. We may esteem the one most; we may feel that it will stand trial best; but we are most delighted with what has cost least pains. We are speaking of what is natural, not regarding it as a moral question; and, as a fact, men, and women too, are loved for their *gifts* rather than their *graces*. Everybody loves Adelaide—the servants, the children, the animals. She pleases intuitively and without effort, and is happy in her vocation. Her faults and weaknesses take this amiable side. She accepts all this love as her due, yet she values it and is grateful for it. The sunshine of her good-nature shines on the most insignificant. She has a consciousness of power, from seeing all things yield to her will; but she is uniformly sweet and amiable, and a happy confidence in herself increases her influence. She is without those misgivings and doubts which make many a good heart externally cold and forbidding. She has never experienced the chill of neglect and indifference, but blooms and expands in a perpetual sunshine. All this gives the present a charm to her; she finds her appropriate place in it; it occupies her, though herself does not; wherever she is, she is at home, and constitutes the crowning ornament of the scene; and everywhere she is satisfied and happy. And this makes her manner always easy and graceful; she expects to please, but she is not anxious about it. When Count Alarik first visits at her father's, and talks so well and so finely that all the rest of the party hang upon his words, a certain independence, a sense of her own fitness with her natural sphere, make her care and think less about him. She listens, then she runs after her pursuits or fancies; she amuses the children; she

attends to her household concerns ; she thinks of a great many things besides the topic on which he is descanting ; she calls him "that proud man," and goes her own way ; and when at last he wins her affection, she alone has no fear of him, but speaks her mind, indulges her tastes and fancies, disputes with him, sets him down—always with sweetness, but with childlike wilfulness too. She has the step of virgin liberty. When at last she is worked upon by her artful rival to believe that her power and influence over her lover have failed, that she has lost his love—her perplexity, and consequent timidity, the fear of him that is awakened in her, is quite pathetic. It seems as if some charm she had always trusted to had suddenly been dissolved, and she stands powerless and bewildered.

The President himself, too, is among Miss Bremer's best characters. His fine appearance and gentlemanly bearing, and the good sense he talks, contrasting so amusingly with his little self-deceptions and small weaknesses ; his horror of display for his daughters, and real pleasure in every public exhibition of them ; his philosophical contentment with a little, after a good dinner ; his tender-heartedness to his children, contrasted with his harsh bearing towards the unfortunate Edla, whom he cannot at all understand ; his allusions to his late wife, the "Blessed Frederika ;" his necessity of being surrounded with comforts and attention ; the sort of dignified helplessness of his life—are all excellently given.

In "Nina," the second part of "The President's Daughters," Edla, the elder sister, takes the lead, and is as it were the presiding genius. Her character is a singular example of Miss Bremer's two conflicting powers. She is the fruit especially of her system and habits of thought, the consequence of her multitudinous reflections on the position of women, and the social anomalies under which she imagines them to suffer—of all the restless, surging notions ; yet full of talent, and even genius, with which the condition of her sex inspires her. She wished to draw a strong-minded woman, one at once above the fascinations and the weaknesses of her sex—noble, high principled, intellectual—ruled by reason, not feeling ; and she really succeeds. Edla is not an assemblage of qualities, but a woman, though not an every-day one ; and as such Miss Bremer's other intuitive self sees her as if she were alive, and—does not like her. Edla acts entirely on reflection, not on impulse. She is severe to herself, and therefore thinks she may be so towards others ; she represses her natural tenderness ; she is inexorably just (which often is not being just at all) ; she will consult what she considers her friends' ultimate good alone, and not their inclinations ; and prefers the benefit of society at large, to either. No prejudices or local ties confine her ; she sees the world and mankind from an elevation ; she is free from envy, jealousy, love of display—all petty vices ; she knows herself, duly estimates her disadvantages and her powers ; and all this is

the result, not of natural disposition, but severe discipline. Edla is *ugly* ; her ugliness is constantly dwelt upon, and receives no gentler name. It embittered her early years, and went near to make her envious of her beautiful sister Adelaide. Emma Ronquist, the governess in the president's family—the genius of Miss Bremer, who under different shapes and names pervades all her works and represents her views, setting straight what is crooked, and righting what is wrong—converts her from this unhappy state, makes her read Plato and the Bible, and develops great powers of mind. Before, she was disagreeable ; now she is awful. Having educated and disciplined herself, she takes the little Nina in hand, and determines to bring her up on the dictates of pure reason alone ; and it is as her monitress, the stern guardian of her poor feeble mind, that we see her. Her system fails most signally, as it certainly would in real life ; but why Miss Bremer makes it fail is not quite so easy to understand, except that her theories cannot really make her blind to what is true and natural. Edla was going to write a little work on the intellectual education of her own sex, when her premature death put an end to such projects. It was a perfectly natural employment, but we do not regret its loss. But Edla had other occupations besides educating or writing. She had a lover, towards whom her deportment was in rigid conformity with her general principles. Never, indeed, was there so purely intellectual a courtship. "Oh ! sweet, wise madness !" Miss Bremer somewhere exclaims, after describing the unreasonable conduct of a pair of lovers ; but this affair is on a totally different plan. We have before considered the gravity of our pages unsuited for scenes of this nature ; but our readers will see that Edla's courtship is an exception to this rule, but for the unhappy drawback that the gentleman, Professor A., is an atheist—a common condition of mind, apparently, in the range of Miss Bremer's observation. Edla justly considers this an objection. So far, so good ; but her next suggestion we must quarrel with. She says he ought to marry some "beautiful soul, whose love, piety, and gentleness will infuse into him the living feeling of that great truth against which his sifting and proving reason struggles." What is to become of the "beautiful soul" in the contact, she does not inquire. If anybody is to marry Professor A., we should certainly say it ought to be herself, who is practised in intellectual conflicts ; and so the professor thinks. Let us, however, hear him speak for himself :—

You will not partake my fortunes, Edla ; you refuse my hand, and desire only half my heart ! The other half you make a present of to some wife—whom I shall never find. Possess yourself of more impressive words and more effective arguments, to make a man deny himself a happiness which he regards as the highest upon earth. Edla ! you have permitted your friend to speak the unvarnished truth to you ; yes, Edla, I have learned to love you for the sake of the love I cherished for my goddess Truth ; through my love of truth, I

have alienated my so-called friends, frightened away all my acquaintances. You alone, Edla, feared not my rough sincerity: I did not offend you by it; you heard and understood me. You stand alone now as my best friend, the only one to whom I could without fear open my heart; and I acknowledge it as a happiness, that I can venture to say to you boldly, that you have not in your answer dealt truly and honestly by me. You answer me as an ordinary woman dismisses an ordinary man. Foolish reasons! petty considerations! how can Edla condescend to use them! "You are old and ugly!" Very well, Edla, I admit that you are an old maid. How old! perhaps forty. Well, then, you are in the best years of a woman; which one may assert without being a fool like Belzac. Don't talk to me, I beseech you, of your damsels of seventeen. "They are lovely flowers," I hear you say. Very well; but I know not, in fact, what I shall say to them any more than to a pretty flower. \* \* \* \* "You are plain." Yes, you *are* plain, *uncommonly* plain; I hardly know a countenance which at the first sight is so repellant. "You have also something stiff, something disagreeable." Yes, you have all that; I concede you that, Edla. Sincerely beloved Edla! Silly, childish, unphilosophical woman! understand you not that one can love you with all this; yes, precisely on this very account! Precisely because you are plain, Edla, do I love you the stronger. Were you handsome, had you only the most usual attractions of a woman, then I should fear lest a less exalted feeling mingled with my love. But you are "plain," "disagreeable," and therefore do I love you, Edla; therefore do I love you warmly. There is a beauty which is not external, which gives no external testimony of itself. My love to this makes me believe in immortality. And, because you are not beautiful, do you think that I cannot love you! How womanish, miserable, silly, do you make me, when you believe that nothing else can enchant me than what things and beasts possess as well as human beings!

It is at least a stroke of nature, that this kind of love-making does not answer; nor would it have been at all to Edla's discredit if she had refused him again on the simple ground that he thought her ugly, for love is incompatible with such an opinion. A man may *know* his wife to be plain, but we are not the slaves and victims of our reason. Affection has its lawful magic, a light of its own, which beautifies the homeliest features. No good Christian thinks his wife ugly. Edla persists in her refusal, but they continue friends, and the professor visits her on her death-bed, where they argue on the differences of their opinions till her latest breath. It is a shocking scene, though intended to be a religious one, from the repugnance all must feel on seeing doubts and disbelief poured into the ears of the dying. However, it does not disturb Edla. When life is over, the professor pronounces her eulogy in words characteristic of the man.

A beautiful, a noble strength, has departed from the earth. Farewell, thou noble, thou strong-minded woman! Edla, farewell! Thou hast left me behind impoverished.

The last volume of "Nina" is remarkable for some striking descriptions of Northern scenery;

one, of the regions of perpetual snows, is very impressive. The following we think a very graphic picture of the scene and groups assembling to witness the midnight sun, which for three days of summer never descends below the horizon. Nina, her stepmother, and their party, are joined by foreign travellers, English, French, and German, whose different bearings are satirized by our authors.

At Mattaränghe, in the parish of Tortula, not far from Tornea, the travellers had engaged rooms. From one of the hills there they proposed to view the solemn spectacle. The whole inn was surrounded by tents. Numbers of Lapland families, half wild hordes from Finnmark, stream at this season of midsummer towards this country, in order to feast here three days by the light of the never-descending sun, to play, to dance, and to go to church. There the Frenchman saw with rapture, not indeed the originals of Victor Hugo's tragedy, but wild, strange, original shapes, with little twinkling eyes and broad hairy breasts—the miserable children of want and wretchedness, whose state of culture and inward life no romance writer has truly represented; because, indeed, the romance built on the reality of this district would turn out tolerably meagre, and because love, this marrow of all romances, knows here no nobler, fairer aim, than that which Helvetius would vainly attribute to it. The spirit of the earth holds the people here in captivity, and, mole-like, they creep only in the sand and about the roots of the tree of life. Sometimes, however, in their clear winter nights, by the indescribable splendor of the moon and of the stars, when they fly forth in their snow-shoes to chase the bear and the reindeer, then awakens in their bosoms a higher life—then breathe they to pensive airs deep and affectionate feelings, in simple, beautiful love songs. But they soon relapse again into their dark Laplandish night.

In the mean time, the German was in the third heaven at this sight, and at its lively contrast with the civilized world. Lady Louisa found all this "rather curious," and noted it down in her journal. The weather, strange enough, favored all the undertakings of the travellers. The sky was clear, and a silent midnight saw all our travellers assembled in glad sunshine on one of the green hills. Slowly descended the sun; it extinguished one beam after another. All eyes followed it. Now it sank—lower—ever lower—lower. Suddenly, however, it stood still, as if upheld by an invisible hand. Nature seemed, like them, to be in anxious suspense; not an insect moved its humming wing; all was silent; a death-like stillness reigned, while the sun, glowing red, threw a strange light over the earth. Oh wonderful, almighty power! It began now again slowly to ascend; it clothed itself again with beams, like a pure glorified spirit; it became every moment more dazzling. A breath! and Nature lives, and the birds sing again!

"Oh!" said Lord Cummin laconically, and took out a gold snuff-box. Lady Louisa immediately sketched the sun, the country, and the groups on the hill, on one of the leaves of her album. The Frenchman protested repeatedly that it was "*très imposant! très majestueux!*" The German, at some paces distant from the rest, was on his knees beneath a juniper bush. The Countess Natalie enjoyed this sublime spectacle with eyes overflowing with tears and with real feeling. The Colonel



stood there like the god Thor, and with his hands on his sides gazed into the sun as into a hostile battery. Baron H. had involuntarily, and with pious seriousness, folded his hands on the knob of his stick, on which he supported himself. Clara leaned on Nina, whose arm rested within hers, and said softly to her, "See, the sun does not go down! It ascends again! It will not be night; it only threatened us with it." Nina thanked her with a look, but answered not. The baroness looked with an expression of the most heartfelt pleasure, alternately at the sun, at her husband, and at the young ladies.

Those who made acquaintance with Miss Bremer first in "Strife and Peace," would perhaps of all her readers be most favorably impressed—not that it equals some others in power, but—by a certain sweetness and rustic grace that characterize this little story especially, which is besides more a whole than her longer histories. It is indeed a very pretty and graceful pastoral; and the character of Susannah, with its ebullitions of temper, warm generosity, and affectionate heart, is quite one to dwell on the memory. The struggles she goes through in combating her disappointed feelings, the humble sense of her own deficiencies, the devoted love which outweighs them all, the practical good sense compensating for the want of intellectual cultivation, and the gradual influence all these qualities gain upon Harold, are detailed with great truth and delicacy. Nothing, too, can be more spirited than their "Strifes," carried on with such utter unreasonableness, and the disputes on the comparative merits of Sweden and Norway, from the magnitude of their mountains and waves down to their national dishes. The beautiful descriptions of wild Norwegian country—the sympathy, too, with the small domestic world of the poultry yard, showing such vivid enjoyment of every natural scene—all make this a most delightful little story; and the gloomy Fru Astrid, the dark shadow with which Miss Bremer always likes to give depth to her pictures, is so separate from the rest—who form an unusually small group of characters—and commonly indulges her despair so exclusively by herself in the soliloquy of letter-writing, that we need not disturb ourselves on her account, unless we like that kind of dismal speculation.

"The Home" is wanting in any one leading character to fix our attention. We are introduced to a multitude of people all well drawn and natural, but not engaging or remarkable enough to sustain our interest in the great deal that is said about them, and the years through which their history is carried. There is an absence of some of Miss Bremer's peculiarities, which might lead us to suppose it one of her earlier works; and where new views are brought forward, they are ably combated. Some passages are, however, objectionable in another respect; and the part the young tutor performs on his first entrance into the family, and the mischief that might have resulted from it, betray either a disordered imagination, or an acquaintance with a state of things happily un-

known amongst ourselves in the steady, respectable class to which the Lagman Frank and his family belong. As a composition, "The Home" is beyond measure rambling and disconnected, so that, in spite of great cleverness, it is really a difficult task to read it through. It grows, towards the close, so prolix and diffuse, that the impression is a good deal like that of hearing a man tell his dream—the more there seems no reason why it should ever give over, the more we earnestly long for the end.

Simple nature, in a group of characters, is by no means sufficient to secure interest. There should be some, or at least some one, on whom our interest centres, towards whom we can feel affection; but a set of personages, for none of whom we can particularly care, playing their independent parts with all their various engagements, difficulties, episodes, thoughts, peculiarities, confuse us at last. Petrea, Eva, Jacobi, and his comfortable, sensible little Louise, we get tired of them all; and yet all are well sustained, Petrea especially, who is the most original of the party—and yet we get infinitely weary of her. She seems a sort of caricature of what may be the defects of the authoress' own mind, so disjointed, uneven, uncertain: her fancies and disquisitions bore us as much as they do some of her unhappy hearers. But she embodies many of Miss Bremer's difficulties, as to what is to be done with women who want the charm and natural attractions of their sex, and yet have talents and impulses of good that might be applied to some useful and valuable purpose. Petrea has one comic misfortune connected with her appearance, which is often alluded to, and fits in admirably with her character—is indeed a sort of type of the imperfections and disproportions of her mind—a large shapeless nose, which much interferes with her beauty. This feature is a great trouble to her, as she is born with an unlucky desire to shine and to be admired, together with a perverse set of instincts, some of them very amiable ones, which stand in the way of this longing.

On one occasion all the young people of the party are invited to some grand wedding festivities. Petrea, who is never without expedients, or hope of a remedy, thinks this a fit occasion for trying some experiments, which are thus described:—

Since everything was now settled in the family of the Franks, we see nothing that can prevent a general joyful journey to the place of festivity; but yes! it is true, Petrea's nose! It was large, as we have often remarked, and somewhat clumsy. Petrea had a great desire to alter its shape, particularly for the approaching festivities.

"What have you done to your nose? What is the matter with your nose? How is it with your nose?" were questions which Petrea heard in every direction when she came down to her breakfast the morning before the journey.

Half laughing and half crying, Petrea told all the innocent machinery which she had used during the night in order to somewhat alter the shape of her nose, which now, from the effect of this, bore

a mark like a fiery red saddle across it, and besides was very much swollen. The mother began directly fomenting it with thin water-gruel. "Don't cry, my dear girl," said she, "your nose will only get still more inflamed."

"Ah!" exclaimed Petrea, "those who have got such a nose are really very unfortunate. What can they do with it in this world! They ought to go into a convent."

"It is far better," said the mother, "to do as one of my friends did, who had a very large nose—nay, decidedly larger than yours."

"Ah! how did she?"

"She made herself so beloved that her nose was beloved too. Her friends declared that nothing was more pleasant to them than to see her nose when it appeared at the door, and they would never have been without it for any price."

Petrea laughed, and said, quite cheerfully, "Ah, if my nose could be so beloved, even I would soon become reconciled to it."

"You must strive to grow out of it!" said the good and wise mother, jokingly, but significantly.

Family affection—the home circle—the joys and sorrows of the domestic hearth, are all dwelt on by Miss Bremer with a very pure delight, though there is a restlessness, and in the calmest scenes a kind of ground-swell, which mars very much the repose such subjects are calculated to inspire. The daughters in the house have always some scheme in their heads. We have a feeling of "what next?" about them. In opposition to this restless element, are one or two soft, downy characters, who are a real refreshment;—Elise, the mother, and Gabrielle, the fair youngest daughter, and pet of the family; these diffuse a calmer atmosphere. The mother, especially, is really a character; a lady—delicate, affectionate, somewhat romantic, not too sentimental, but with a true grace and harmony about her, which makes us well understand the devotion of her children to her. The beautiful affection between her and her only son, "her first-born, her summer child," as she calls him," constitutes, as far as anything does, the centre of the story; and the death of this Henrick, just after he has distinguished himself as a poet, and raised his mother's joy and pride in him to the highest point—their mutual farewell—her high-wrought feelings, form one of the few really pathetic scenes Miss Bremer has ever attempted. Her late discoveries in science, which prevent people ever dying at all, or not till extreme old age, stand, indeed, greatly in the way of pathos. We are not now taken in, however near we appear to some painful consummation; something is sure to turn up and make all things right again.

"Life in Dalecarlia," again, is, in point of story, one of Miss Bremer's greatest failures. It positively goes out and disappears in a description of some copper mines. She had evidently a good set of characters in her head, but could find nothing for them to do. A more complete balk to the reader cannot be imagined. But Dalecarlia itself is well and picturesquely described, and the character of Siri is a pretty imagination. She is a sort of land Undine, a nymph, a dryad, a witch—

one of the "Hill folks" who so much occupy her fancy. The shadowy poetry, the unsubstantiality of her nature, account in some way for certain heathenish propensities and startling tastes and wishes. Like Undine, she has not yet attained her soul, and talks at random. But she has a real fascination; her intense love and intimate acquaintance with all fanciful fairy lore, her belief in it, quite different from the sentimental antiquarianism commonly adopted towards such subjects; her earnest seriousness alternating with wild mirth, her tears and laughter, her flute tones, her exquisite dancing, the mysterious power of her eyes and glance, all by turns attract us; and in excellent contrast with her is Brigitta, with her lanky lover, (to whom she talks Latin and Babylonish,) her naive homely wit, and simple affectionate heart. Some of the social scenes in the early part of this story have quite a character of their own, which probably belongs to the simple, isolated, rural district in which they are laid. The stories they tell, the riddles they propound to one another, all evidently fit in to the locality, and remind us of legendary times, even if we were not told that the god Odin was in the practice of trying his strength in these intellectual pastimes. Siri is great at riddles, and also delights in taxing people's powers in more modern mysteries and speculations; as, where she inquires into the future life of the animal creation, and promises a glorious future existence to her fawn on the sanction of Luther, who is quoted as having said to his dog one day when he growled, "Growl not, my little doggy; in the resurrection thou, too, shalt have a little golden tail." If his followers indulge in freedom of inquiry, he certainly set them the example.

"The H—— Family," with some good scenes, is chiefly remarkable for one blemish, so serious as to characterize the story to the memory of that blot alone. Miss Bremer does not often detail scenes of guilty passion, but we find them here, and between persons whose relationship renders them still more revolting. She evidently believes herself to be portraying in her Colonel H——, a picture of stern, virtuous self-denial; the revelation of his real feelings being as it were torn from him against his will, by a wild explosion of passion in the object of them; but the closing scene of the blind girl's life, and the comments of those around, show how imperfect a view she really had of the effect on the heart of sins of this nature, and how blind and indifferent she is to their real evil.

We now come to the story which heads our article—Miss Bremer's latest production, and, we are sorry to add, her worst. The weeds, which have shown themselves in all her writings, have here overpowered the flowers. It is rambling, flighty, unnatural. The watchwords "Life," "Love," and "Beauty," are more prominent, and play an overbearing part. The book is a sort of harmonizing of heathenism and Christianity, an attempt to construct a Valhalla, in which the Bible is allowed the first place, though it is but a nominal sovereignty. The golden age is certainly

coming, and everything, even evil, is made to tend towards that blissful period. In this work, especially, we feel that in her idea of the Supreme Being, and the Christian's God, there is little in common but the name;—so much superstition is there, so many heathenish thoughts and images; such recklessness in the expression of profane thoughts; such a want of holy fear, true faith, or hatred of evil. And in this moral obscuration the intellect also has suffered. Some good scenes there are, but as a whole the falling off is melancholy. Instead of her characteristic faults being occasional clouds and mists, they form the atmosphere; and we are sometimes disposed to think that Nature is dead, as well as "the good Balder," the deity over whom she laments. And when we have a glimpse of the old manner, it is disfigured by something monstrous. Uncle Herkules, who is the advocate of common sense, and represents the wisdom of our forefathers, now and then reminding us of *ma chère mère*, swears horribly. His vocation, indeed, is alternately to swear and pray, which he does with so rapid a transition, that he has scarcely risen from the one exercise before he delivers himself to the other. His conscience, however, is entirely at rest on the question of this habit. But his easy apologies, and the mode in which he expresses his conviction that all is right in spite of this "breath of the mouth," as he designates his oaths, are, unfortunately, of too cool and irreverent a nature to be repeated. These constant allusions to the Evil One, the sort of familiarity with that awful power which the book implies, is something astonishing, when we know it to come from female hands, so familiar with the beautiful, the angelic—the "rich," the "full," in life. But from other sources we learn that swearing is a Swedish vice; and Miss Bremer apparently considers it her vocation to reconcile whatever is universally practised with her theory of good. So, if people will swear, she has, in her benevolence, to prove that at least it does no harm, and to resolve it into a sort of piquant characteristic seasoning.

Again, there is his pet niece, Gothilda, one of the "sisters" not taken up by the philanthropic visions of the rest of the party, and whose part is to be lively and amusing. She shows real spirit and animation, but every now and then utters impieties enough to make the hair stand on end; indeed, such a little heathen was never before imagined at sixteen. On one occasion, in order to enliven the party, she takes upon her to inquire of her venerable pastor, Dr. Lund, who, with the accustomed bald head and benevolent face of this class of divines, represents the church in "Brothers and Sisters," whether he is sure he baptized her properly; for, from the multitude of evil inclinations and heathenish ideas which haunt her, she has had serious doubts on the subject. He allays these with amiable readiness, assuring her that his part was performed in all order, but that she certainly screamed like an evil spirit throughout the whole ceremony. To comfort herself under this

unfavorable intelligence, she drinks a glass of punch; and further to restore her cheerfulness, the affable pastor takes her hand and dances the "Nerika Polska" with her. The whirl and the punch combined were too much; as she expresses it, "it was all over with her." This concluding event of the evening, together with her infant possession, form the amusing incidents of a letter to her friend next day. This same Dr. Lund—belonged to that portion of the Evangelical Lutheran Church which, attached to it in many important particulars, yet in others go beyond its point of view. He had deeply and independently made himself acquainted with, and searched into, the holy Scriptures, and had found that no other church, no other form of religion on earth, had been able fully to establish and diffuse that light over heaven and earth—that kingdom of grace and happiness over all spheres of existence, which are comprehended in these writings. He was one of those who believed the time to be at hand when this light should dawn; when a higher, a more universal church should arise on earth; and he rejoiced in the light of a spiritual heaven, in which he saw prefigured the advent of that new day.

In another place, in commending the Americans' attachment to the Bible, he describes the settler with "the Bible, his axe, and a newspaper; that is all one needs on earth." Indeed, the patronage extended to the Bible, as a whole, would be very edifying, if it were not found compatible with an utter disregard of every passage not in conformity with the writer's views, and did not admit of contradictions, both in spirit and letter, of which it is impossible she should not be aware.

The story of "Brothers and Sisters" is in her most rambling plan, as can hardly fail to be the case when the histories and feelings of seven members of the same family have to be circumstantially detailed. Ivar, full of Socialist and Communist notions, occupies a leading place. He disputes with, and disgusts, his Uncle Kerkules, who sets him down after his manner. Ivar has got entangled in an affair with a French woman, who appeared to him the very Goddess of Reason, till she deserts him for a rich rival. He then becomes misanthropic, raves, despairs, and behaves altogether like a *mauvais-sujet* and a bad fellow. Gothilda recommends the water-cure. Hedvig, the elder sister, lavishes all her abundant amiability, and all her reason, to soothe and cheer him—all seems in vain, and suicide looms in the distance. The reader early grows weary of him and his sorrows, and his "frenzied words;" while one wise precaution of Hedvig's relieves in good measure any anxiety we may have felt on his account. She did not wholly trust to argument, but took care also to provide herself before their interminable conversations with "preserves and sweetmeats, which sometimes dissipated his troubles;" a little stroke of nature in which we were quite glad to recognize Miss Bremer's former self. At length, after a desperate brain fever, he comes to a better mind; his favorite sister, Gerda, assures him that "the world is great, and life is great and glorious, but



they must both begin to live anew." They agree to travel, and to refresh themselves with the sounds of their own songs, which means—but this belongs also to Gerda's history, and Engel's comes next in order.

Engel is the beauty, and from her sweetness and innocence is always called "the child." There is a certain Uno, a valued friend of the family, evidently in love with her, and whose attachment she returns, but he long holds back from making any declaration. At length accident draws it from him, and Engel and the whole family are happy till she makes an unlucky discovery. Her spirits then leave her; and Hedvig hears her weeping away her nights, and at length draws from her that she has found out Uno to be an atheist—a fact which in his long acquaintance with their family they had never dreamed of. Hedvig is shocked at first. Then Engel makes that desperate profession of constancy which we have already quoted, and soon Uno enters, and commences a discourse on the subject with Hedvig, who at first fears to give her sister to him. He fully admits the fact of his unbelief, and evidently does not think it likely he shall ever change. "Engel clasped her hands to her breast, raised an inconsolable glance to Hedvig, and then towards heaven." Uno then slightly changes his tactics.

"But why only see, why only think of my influence upon her! Deep are the mysteries of love! When soul unites itself to soul, heart to heart, spirit to spirit, wonderful things are done. Nobody can calculate upon them; and if there be truth in Engel's belief, it may, perhaps, become clear to me, may become a certainty to me through her. If there is a Being which is truth and love itself, will he not be found by those who seek for him in sincerity and truth! And if there be not, and if life be confined to this short time on earth, still is it not beautiful to unite in love; to make one another happy while it lasts! But no, I will not, I ought not, to persuade. I will not be selfish. You now know me! Decide in freedom. Engel is released by me."

"On another occasion in my life, I heard similar words to these," said Hedvig, after a little silent reflection. "I heard them some years ago from a lady—my friend. She also had no belief in the truths which both Pagans and Christians regard as the highest and most beautiful in life, and she died without hope of a life after death. Her death-bed was sorrowful; but her life! how true, how Christian, how penetrated was it with the purest spirit of love! What would she not do and suffer for her fellow-creatures! How indefatigable, how strong and patient, when she had to help, to amend an erring, a fallen fellow-creature! And her friendship, how tender and steadfast it was! How pure was her love of truth! how sincere her humility towards everything that was high and holy. If she, and those who resemble her, cannot find an entrance into the kingdom of heaven, then I know not who can. But she, and some others whom I have known, have made me think that there is a faith, a secret love of God in the human heart, which operates separately from the consciousness thereof, and attracts and guides them without their being aware of it themselves. Such persons may deserve the very highest esteem, and admiration, and love,

but I have not found them happy—or, more properly, able to make those dearest to them happy."

"And therefore you do not consider it advisable nor a happy circumstance, to be nearly connected with such," said Uno, closely observing Hedvig, and seeming to read her soul.

"Uno," replied she, with deep emotion, "pardon me, but I should fear for her whom I love."

"You are, perhaps, right!" said Uno, after a moment's silence; and, added he, not without bitterness—"Engel thinks so too, and considers it as the most prudent and the wisest to—"

"Be not unjust towards her!" exclaimed Hedvig; "be not severe, Uno, towards her who would rather partake with you, and that forever, the darkness of the grave, than the joy of heaven without you!"

"Is it so?" said Uno to Engel; "have you said so? You will accompany me to the desert of life, into the eternal night?"

"O, yes, Uno!"

"And you are not afraid of going with me?"

"No, I fear not."

"Oh! then, indeed, all is clear," exclaimed Uno; "Engel! beloved, you, young, angelic, adored girl—you sunbeam, you heart of my heart! come, share with me darkness, light, death—whatever fate, whatever Providence decrees! Come, mine own! What dare, what can separate, when your heart speaks thus! Are we not one! Oh! what and whom art Thou that didst create love!—beautiful, wonderful, Power! Thou must also bless her—crown Thy most beautiful work! Hedvig, mourn not! be calm, be joyful! If you trust in an eternal God, who is full of love, then trust also in his mercy to us; see his work in us! Give me the child of thy heart without hesitation, give me thy blessing!"

"Ah!" said Hedvig, "who am I that I should venture to decide, venture to bless! You, yourselves, must prove—you, yourselves, must decide!"

But spite of all hesitation, all proving, all questions, love, full of light and confidence, had already given his decision. The lovers were clasped in each other's arms. Spite of that gulf that threatened to separate them, they had bound themselves together in a sacred defiance of all the powers of darkness, in the light of a love which let them "believe all things, hope for all things, overcome all things." A mighty, heartfelt joy trembled through their souls with unspeakable harmonies, whilst eye beamed in eye, lips met lips, and words of holy, burning tenderness passed from the soul of one into that of the other, amid blessed tears and smiles. Hedvig wept in silence, she sympathized in their feelings, she was happy in their love; and the words of warning on her lips changed into blessings. It was not till she was alone that clouds returned to her soul, questions and doubts. She longed for evening, and the hour of conversation alone with Augustin. He came, and Hedvig eased her heart, and communicated to him the important event of the day, and the sad secret which had been made known to her.

Augustin started at this unexpected communication. But the same thoughts which calmed Hedvig were present also in his soul; and his sanguine temperament made him discover, beside these, new light, wherewith to overcome Hedvig's continued uneasiness. Hedvig then said, "It is, however, sorrowful when husbands and wives think differently on the highest and most important questions of life. They then can never properly become one."

Augustin differs from her. Similarity of belief does not matter, so long as there is the "one thing needful"—love. Differences of opinion are often merely like different boughs of the same tree. He conceives that the Almighty allows people to be born under dissimilar influences, in order that they may take hold of the dissimilar sides of life and truth; an argument which, as far as it has any meaning in this question, would seem to imply that atheists are a necessary part in the scheme of God's providence. He goes on to say that people talk so much about unity, a point on which he does not trouble himself. "Let us, in Heaven's name, be different." The combat is not the evil, only the bitterness and dishonesty which commonly accompany it. And we may hope, on whatever side of the question we find ourselves, if we are only honest and chivalrous towards each other, that we may be instrumental in the hands of Providence for the advancement of his world-plan.

It is, for the rest, very difficult now-a-days to say who is a Christian and who is not. I know no better proof of this than the disposition and the fruit. Christian life has so penetrated the life of the world, that we are in the midst of its current, driven on by its knowledge even without our own consciousness of it. In manners, in laws, in social life, in literature, everywhere do we meet with its light and its spirit; and he who loves this light, this spirit, and is guided by it, he is a Christian, although he should mistake its origin. And the voice which cries through the world, "Blessed are the pure in heart! the merciful! the peace-makers! they who hunger and thirst after righteousness!" has likewise pronounced a blessing on these nameless worshippers. Yes, on all who from the beginning of the world have lived in love to truth and virtue.

Then follows much mystical nonsense about a universal church, of which unbelievers form a part; on which Hedvig exclaims:—

"What good your words do me, Augustin! They seem as if they had the breezes and the light of morning in them, I become so assured and so hopeful. And Uno is certainly one of those of whom you speak?"

"Yes, he is. He deserves, of a certainty, to have the name and joy of the Christian, because he has the Christian disposition; and I consider it very probable, that his marriage with Engel may lead to a change in his mode of thinking. I have known more than one man who has handled the highest questions of life very superficially until he became a husband and a father, and asked himself, 'What shall I say to my child? what shall I give to it as a stay, and as an object in life and death?' And these questions have again led him into deeper investigation, through which he has ascended to the most beautiful truths of life. Engel's soul and temper have, ever since childhood, had a singularly warm and bright religious tendency. She cannot be without influence upon Uno. It is not possible for me—no, it is not possible for me to be uneasy about their union."

So, because their young sister, "the child," has these bright religious tendencies—is the "beau-

tiful soul" of whom Edla speaks—this pattern brother and sister give her to an atheist, twice her age, of practised powers of mind. Because she is a lamb, they give her to the wolf. The only warning she receives from Hedvig is to the following effect:—

"But you must not argue with him, my sweet child; nor seek to show what you believe and know; this habit leads to disputation, and seldom does good. Besides which, you have not knowledge and ability for it."

"Oh, no! I know that very well, Hedvig; neither have I thought of such a thing. I will merely love him; make him happy every day; and I think that God will help me—teach me. I feel myself so happy, Hedvig, so calm, and so filled with hope. Uno is so good. I believe that I like him better than ever now; because I think that he is to be pitied because he is not happier. But, Hedvig, how pleasant it is to love with all our soul, and all our heart, and to live for him whom we love! That is life! Sweet Hedvig, I must kiss you!"

Miss Bremer has, after all, some feelings better than her creed; Engel is not happy after her marriage, and, in the very midst of a conversation with her husband on the cause of her lowness of spirits, meets with an accident which leads to her premature death. This event is brought about that her *spirit* may afterwards visit her husband and convert him—a means in which Miss Bremer places great confidence, but which Scripture expressly does not warrant.

The sister most congenial to Ivar in disposition, though not in views, is Gerda. She is the genius of the family, "handsome, vigorous, brilliant," of an ardent temper and generous impulses, and endowed with the gift of song; on her the chief interest of the book centres. The reader is introduced to her last of the family party, as she has not lived with them for many years, but with a rich aunt in a distant town, who had adopted her after her father's death, and to whose son, Sigurd, she is betrothed. She and her party now come to spend some time in Stockholm, that she may visit her family and prepare for her marriage. Her arrival had been looked forward to by them like the coming of spring. At length she comes, and there is a joyous meeting full of gay affection—one of those scenes Miss Bremer always describes so well.

Gerda is gay and animated on every subject but her lover and her marriage; and when Sigurd calls for her in the course of the evening to take her back to her aunt, her manner changes, and she becomes silent and pale. It is soon evident that all is not right between them. Sigurd, on the contrary, talks "a deal," and talks well, but dictatorially and with a stern voice. He is tall, and would be handsome but for a certain sharpness of feature, and severity of glance and expression, which make an unfavorable impression on the family, and convince Gothilda that he is descended direct from Saturn. He is stern towards Gerda, and sarcastic in every display of enthusiasm.

At length, as conversation does not answer, she is asked to sing, and enchants them all. The description of her singing, and the warm and intelligent feeling for music, evident in all Miss Bremer's works, must remind her readers of the friendship which is said to exist between her and her distinguished countrywoman, the sweetest singer of modern times. Sigurd is pleased by Gerda's success, and assures her family that she has had the best masters that money could obtain. In fact, his money, and her dependence on himself and his mother, have guided their conduct towards her. He treats her as his property, and already assumes all the authority of a husband over her. Soon he pronounces it time to go; but Gerda pretends not to hear, and somewhat wilfully excites his anger and jealousy by her expressions of intense pleasure at finding herself in her old home once more. Hedvig has at length to interfere and persuade her to accompany him. If we may judge of the Lutheran practice of betrothal from the various examples of its working in Miss Bremer's novels, we cannot but rejoice that we have it not amongst ourselves. It destroys all the romance of marriage; it is the honeymoon anticipated; and sanctions perfect familiarity by the almost legal publicity of the engagement, while yet the persons are free to part, and often do part. In this instance it allows Sigurd to be exceedingly intolerable towards Gerda. We cannot but take her part, and yet we always feel it dangerous ground in fiction to side with inconstancy.

Gerda is represented as really attached and grateful to Sigurd and his mother; and yet their narrow-minded views, and their harshness towards any infringement of these in herself, work by degrees upon her, till the thought of her marriage is dreadful to her. Her family seeing this, and indignant at Sigurd's tone and assumption of captious, stern authority, urge her to give up her engagement and return to them. They are poor, but anything is better than the bondage of spirit which threatens to darken her whole existence. At length, after having been visited with much sullen displeasure by both mother and son, Gerda makes up her mind to the important step, for which both are utterly unprepared. Sigurd really loves her, but understands her so little, that in his uniform thwarting, unsympathizing course, he has never dreamt "he was destroying the bloom of her devotion." Certain schemes for Ivar's good strengthen Gerda's determination; her elder sister, having seen her unhappiness, has proposed to her to come at once to them, and leave it to her family to explain her resolution to Sigurd. But Gerda has still too much regard for her lover to allow any but herself to announce to him his fate. He and his mother have planned to leave Stockholm, and she, of course, is to accompany them. It is on the eve of this journey that she takes courage for the decisive step. Sigurd this day is out at a dinner party, and will not return till late. Gerda resolves to sit up for him, and have her explanation. Through the day she has been busied with

and for his mother, packing and arranging her dress, and performing all her wonted attentions towards the cold-hearted old lady. When she takes leave of her for the night, she longs to open her heart and tell her, but is repulsed by her wonted indifference of manner. Then she sits down in the parlor to wait for Sigurd, in great commotion of spirit; there, however, she has time for thought, and grows calmer and more confident in the course she has decided on.

Still she trembled when she heard Sigurd's steps, those well-known steps in the passage; but this emotion was transitory.

"You still up!" said Sigurd, as he came in, and seemed a little astonished. "My mother is in bed—is she already asleep?" "Not yet, I believe." "I shall go in and bid her good night." Sigurd went into his mother's room, and came out a few minutes after. "And now let us say good night to one another, my little sweetheart," said he; "I have still some writing to do to-night; do not oversleep yourself in the morning, because we must be up early. Give me a kiss! But what! your hand is as cold as marble, and you are pale! Are you ill?" "No! but I have something to say to you to-night, Sigurd!" "Well, what is it, then?" said he, impatiently. "Speak quickly, for I am short of time. No! What is it then?" "Sit down, Sigurd!—Grant me your patience for a moment; it is the last time I shall try it."—"Only don't let it be long. Have you got your things in readiness? Remember that we must set off in the morning precisely at ten o'clock."

"Yes, you will set off, Sigurd, but I shall not go with you. I shall remain here with my family."—"Aha! does the wind blow from that quarter? I thought so. But, my little friend, let me escape any further altercation on the subject. I do not desire to hear the perpetual whimpering about Ivar! he is out of danger; you yourself have told me so. There is actually nothing which can rationally prevent your setting off; and anything unreasonable, you know, is no affair of mine. Besides, you know that my determination is tolerably steadfast, and is not accustomed to be turned about by any childishness or woman's nonsense."

"I know, Sigurd, that your determination is steadfast; that you do not waver. Nor will I endeavor to persuade you. I would merely say to you to-night, farewell; and would thank you for the time when you loved me, and for the good will you showed me. I would restore what I can no longer retain. You leave the city to-morrow, and I return to my family, to the home of my childhood. We separate. There is your ring, Sigurd. It was with delight that I placed it on my finger; with sorrow it is that I remove it. But it must be done."

There was a mournful, quiet determination in Gerda's voice and demeanor, which was very unlike her. Sigurd had often seen her in towering defiance, burning indignation; he was accustomed to these, and to see them go over and change. But this was something new; it sounded, it felt strange; a cold shudder passed over Sigurd; he looked at the young woman with an inquiring glance. But her glance opposed his, calm, strong, solemn, but very sorrowful. There was a something in it which penetrated Sigurd's breast, and touched his heart, as if with the finger of death. He looked away, and then again he looked at her; on her



pale countenance, on the determined deep glance. For the first time, Sigurd seemed to have met in her an equal, whose being he could not understand, and against which he could not contend. An increasing astonishment in his countenance seemed to express the question of his soul, and involuntarily he uttered, "What is this? Is it serious?"

Gerda laid her marble-cold hand upon his—"Yes, it is serious," said she, as before. "We must part, Sigurd; but gladly would I that we should part friends. And, believe me, Sigurd, I am attached to you still, though I say to you farewell!" and her voice trembled. She leaned her forehead for a moment against his shoulder; then she rose up and remained calmly standing before him. His sensations were extraordinary; he still felt the pressure of that marble-cold hand upon his, and it seemed as if an icy coldness went from it up into his breast. There was a buzzing in his ears; his heart beat violently, whilst he felt that some great change was about to take place between himself and her whom he had governed so long. "I do not understand what you mean," said he, in almost a stammering voice; "what is the cause of all this? But this you know very well, that I desire your true happiness, your real well-being; and I think that no childish displeasures ought to make you doubt it. What is it that you reproach me with? What is it that you desire of me?"

"Nothing, Sigurd, nothing; only to be free! It is no caprice, no accident, which separates us. It is the necessity of the thing; it is the dissimilarity between our two natures. More than this I will not say to you. I will not embitter this moment by reproaches. You have believed that you have done right by yourself and for me—but if I should, with the excited feelings that you daily waken in me, become your wife—woe both to you and to me! our lives would become miserable. I have felt hatred and bitterness towards you growing in my heart! Thus it ought not to be. No; I would still love you as a friend, as a benefactor; and therefore we must part before it becomes too late. It cannot be otherwise, Sigurd; I have proved it for many years, and have become clear on the subject only within a short time. I highly esteem—I am attached to you; but—we must part."

Sigurd's head had sunk whilst Gerda thus spoke. Mild and gentle as her voice was to him, it sounded like the thunder of doom. When she had ended he looked up, and she appeared to him beautiful as she stood there in her stern gravity, with glances that quietly seemed to flash fire;—never had she appeared to him more beautiful, more worthy to be desired!

Love, anger, jealousy, rage, penetrated him; and his eyes flashed, as he said in bitterness, "You are really rash, Gerda—this is very easy to you;—it is a light matter to you to break faith and promises, and, as a matter of course, it troubles you very little how much I may suffer! It is a small affair for you to give him up who has devoted his life for you these many years, because you have already, perhaps, given yourself to another."

Gerda assures him it is not so—that she feels towards him as she does to no other; that she shall never be as happy as she has been again; that she shall never forget him. But yet they must part; only she entreats that they may part as friends.

"My friend, my teacher! Sigurd!—Give me a

friendly look!—It is too bitter to part thus; a heavy debt will notwithstanding rest upon me—the debt of being ungrateful to my benefactor." She wept. Sigurd had clearly understood by Gerda's words, and her whole behavior, that there was now no return, no reconciliation to be thought of; but his pride rose up, and would not allow her to see how deeply he was wounded; and a nobler feeling also stifled in him the expression of anger and of pain. The noble womanliness in her manner and behavior awoke the noble manliness in him; for it existed there, however much it might be held in subjection by ruder powers;—in this moment of struggle and suffering it came forth. Sigurd rose up and said, "Be calm, I forgive you. And as you feel it necessary for the happiness of your life to separate from me, it is my duty to feel the same. That which I have to bear in consequence of it, I will bear. You are free; to-morrow I will myself conduct you to your family; may you find in them better friends than I and my mother have been to you!"

These words cut Gerda deeper to the heart than the bitterest reproaches would have done; she wept silently but painfully. Sigurd, evidently proud and cold, walked up and down the room. Did he enjoy Gerda's tears? Did he expect some change in her thoughts and resolution? Neither of them said a word for a long, long time.

At length Gerda rose up and said softly, "Good night, Sigurd!" He stood still and looked at her with darkly inquiring glances; she went nearer to him, and offered him her hand. "Good night!" repeated she, with almost a beseeching glance.

He did not move, but continued gloomily to gaze at her. Thus stood they silent for a moment. Perhaps, at this moment, each waited for the other; perhaps Sigurd believed that now the long power of habit and womanly weakness would throw the young girl into his arms, and therefore he stood stiffly and proudly against her, as he so often had done before.

"Well then—for the last time!" whispered Gerda!—"Forgive, farewell!" and she clasped him in her arms, and impressed a kiss upon his lips and was gone. The kiss seemed to take away his life; he gasped for breath.

"Was that the last?—is it past—past forever?" Thus spoke a mournful sound within Sigurd's soul: life was darkened before him, and the world seemed as if it would fall to ruins. It became desolate and cold within him and around him. He went into his chamber. It became night. "Is it really possible?—is it not a dream?" said Sigurd, shuddering from time to time during that long night. "Have I actually been the cause of this? Have I chased spring out of my world? Have I killed the life of my life?" But his pride sustained him, and prevented him from seeking for a reconciliation.

Next day he restores Gerda to her family. This scene is real and interesting: we can enter into the thoughts and feelings of each actor as it passes. Gerda's next step does not appeal in the same way to our common sympathies. She returns home when Ivar is just recovering from the fever we have already recorded, but is still in a desponding state of mind. It is then that she discloses to him her scheme for their mutual restoration after their troubles:—they must open a new path of life; they must realize the wandering

fancies of their childhood, and travel; they must "refresh themselves with the sounds of their own songs;" in a word, she had planned a professional visit to America. They were to "sing the songs of their native land out in the world among the foreign people, so that people should clap their hands and cry, *Da capo!* 'And, Ivar, I know that we shall begin to live *da capo*, and that a better and a happier life.'" Miss Bremer has all along shown very lofty ideas of the mission of art and accomplishments. Painting, sculpture, music, are all regenerators of mankind, and in their nature, apart from the uses to which they are applied, evangelizers of the world. But Gerda's step is a development—and certainly a strange one, to elicit all the grand hopes and all the fine language which are lavished upon it. Uncle Herkules alone opposes the plan with old-fashioned prejudices. He thinks "Gerda is worthy of something better than quavering and crowing before the world for money—and to the Americans, who are one and all fools—and with that madcap Ivar too!" And he alone has the money necessary to launch the young adventurers on their new field of usefulness. Gothilda, in this difficulty, hits upon a novel expedient, and offers to sell herself to Uncle Herkules, and place herself from henceforth at his entire disposal; otherwise she will dispose of herself for the sum wanted to a certain elderly gentleman, who, she has reason to think, would gladly buy her as his wife. Uncle Herkules cannot spare his pet, especially to "that selfish old fool, Urbanus Myrtenblad;" and pays down the money, with which the explorers of new worlds depart. Their success in America is unbounded, reports of which gladden the home circle. At length they return home, rich, and with restored spirits and energies. Gerda was handsomer than ever, and this "was in accordance with the nature of things, for she had lived in affluence, and her life had been active and happy; she had felt her soul expand, become greater and better—in one word, grow." In the meanwhile, things have not gone well with Sigurd. His mother dies, his affairs become involved in a law-suit, his health suffers, his temper had grown gloomy and misanthropic.

Gerda had not observed, when she landed from her voyage, and was greeted and surrounded by friends and relatives, that dark, gloomy eyes were watching her from a carriage drawn up near. The face was hidden, and did not wish to be seen. This was Sigurd. The next day Gerda visits him, and breaks in upon a wonderful dream on the subject of the goddess Valkyria. At first he is cold towards her, and shuts up his heart; but she wins upon him, takes his paralyzed arm, (it became so on the death of his mother,) which falls as it were dead on her lap, rubs it with her beautiful hands, breathes upon it, and finally, by that magic which Miss Bremer delights in, restores pulse and sensation to the dead limb. "But greater was the miracle which was wrought on the inner life;" the bond between which was broken, gradually reunited. She attended upon

him, was his daily companion, his sympathizing friend; and he too "was quite a different man to his former self," softened, subdued. They felt and conversed together as they had never done before—and the end may easily be imagined.

It is difficult to attempt any kind of abstract of a book so broken into parts as this, where some characters are brought in who have nothing to do, and others whose only task is to add to the confusion; and where we are carried off from the histories and the trials of individuals, to vague schemes of universal philanthropy. Our readers must be content with such intimations of the story as we have already given.

The end of the book is occupied in establishing a "Swedish Lowell," a community to elevate the workpeople to the highest possible improvement, freedom, and happiness—an Utopia. All throw themselves with zeal into the work. Dr. Lund preaches, Gerda sings, Beor contrives, Gothilda tells fortunes, Lagertha, the sculptor, gives her "Fates;" all dance, and feast, and enjoy themselves, and get married. There is no end of weddings. Festivities follow one another; all the speeches are given, the reminiscences, the historical details; we might suppose we had closed the novel, and taken up a newspaper report. The scheme of course succeeds brilliantly. All the characters lose themselves in this scene of mawkish philanthropy, and we gladly at length find ourselves at the last page. Philanthropy, without severe, genuine religion, is a cold thing; and this is a cold book, different in this respect, in spite of all their defects, from Miss Bremer's other works. The high flights, the language on stilts, the prolix discussions, the unreality, the profane allusions, the heathenish images—all give a dreary impression. We miss the genial flow of social talk, the sprightliness, the innocent mirth and humor, in the drawing of which Miss Bremer chiefly excels. In the same way there is an absence of that poetry, expressed with a certain refined, though somewhat affected eloquence, which in her best efforts relieve these home, domestic scenes. Till now, her original, fresh style has always excited curiosity and interest, however much the end may have disappointed the expectations raised. There is danger now of the charm being broken, of the natural flow of spirits being changed into excitement and bombast. New-fangled schemes of benevolence or reform have also a chilling effect on the curiosity of the reader, who takes up a story and finds it gradually change and fade into a vision of social regeneration—some hobby of the author's he can neither follow nor admire. He feels himself taken in—as when, in unsuspecting mood, he has let his interest be awakened by some newspaper paragraph professing to give a court incident, or characteristic trait of "the duke," and finds it all end in the eulogy of some sovereign elixir, or ointment which will raise the dead to life.

There is one point, however, on which Miss Bremer knows still how to appeal to the sympa-

thies of her readers, and which we really believe to have been one cause of her general popularity. It is the prominence, the interest she gives to those necessary duties and pleasures of life, eating and drinking. These she treats as a true woman of genius. She knows their power over the heart of man, and does not scruple to invest them with all their real importance. She knows, as a fact, that they do act a part in every event and circumstance of life; that, in sorrow or joy, we must eat; and she is not afraid of investing them with their full consequence in the social drama. No grief is too poignant, no anxiety too engrossing, no joy too transcendent, for eating and drinking not to assert their influence in sustaining the mourner, encouraging the dejected, and helping the happy to realize their joy. And not only does this appeal to our appetite give a genuine, hearty, genial character to her writings; it has also assisted in establishing their moral reputation, in giving a general impression of soundness and domesticity; for if the gentlemen eat, the ladies cook; and what harm can we really suspect, in spite of appearances, in a household where its mistress spends half her time in her store-room weighing out coffee and sugar, and where her daughters bake the patties, fry the pancakes, and whip the creams!—where a threatened *liaison* is interrupted by care for the preserves, and a wife's well-founded jealousies lost sight of in a misapprehension about the veal cutlets?

We can hardly lose the impression, that this homely simplicity of manners implies what it would do in our own country. The perpetual discussion of dinners and suppers, the never-ending baskets of provisions, the share the ladies take in their preparation, the warm disputes on baking and brewing, quite carry our thoughts out of the region of unlawful speculation and low morality. With us, these evils are the fruit of idleness and nothing-to-do—which must always be their more natural sphere. We cannot readily suppose them compatible with a social state, in which scepticism and infidelity are tolerated, and the most sacred domestic ties too often disregarded.

Of toleration and sympathy for unbelief, we have adduced proof enough in Miss Bremer's writings; and though we give her credit for a sincere desire to raise the moral tone of her countrymen, there are yet too many indications of familiarity with a corrupt social state throughout her works; we find too confused an idea of what are the duties and callings of her own sex, too great an indulgence in what she thinks inevitable evils, to make her a safe guide even in those points where her naturally pure feeling and good sense might otherwise have qualified her to become one.

From the Journal of Commerce.

#### AN OLD LADY'S HISTORY.

Not long since, a lady died in the northern part of this state, whose years numbered almost a century. There is a volume of history forever lost. What stories she could tell of the brave old days,

few knew, for she lived in great retirement, and of late the dimness of age had begun to settle as well on her mind as on her eyes. What springs laden with flowers had been hers; what sunny and beautiful summers, what autumns with their golden fruits! She knew the men of the revolution; she was a near relative of Jane McCrea, and saw her just before her murder; she was a relic of forgotten years. For some years past her time had been occupied occasionally in making every preparation for her funeral. The most minute arrangements were completed, and nothing left for her friends but to close her wearied eyes and bear her to sleep with her kindred. A more sublime occupation than that preparation, can hardly be imagined. A mortal who had passed the age allotted to her fellows by more than twenty years, loaded down with the weight of recollections, heavy, whether they be pleasant or bitter; who had laid, one by one, every companion of glorious girlhood to rest under the sod; in whose ears was sounding distantly the roar of the cannon of "Seventy-Six," and yet more distantly the gurgling of brooks and songs of birds that gladdened her childhood; before whose eyes, along with other phantasies, came often the vision of a maiden, fair and well beloved, murdered by a race of men long extinct and almost forgotten; such a person, who had survived the overthrow of nations and changes of dynasties and crumbling of thrones—who had seen Europe rocked by earthquakes and dazzled by the meteor-like transit of Napoleon across her sky—who had seen France thrice revolutionized, Spain countless times—who was old when the star of destiny went down on Waterloo, and yet lived to see the child of destiny carried to France in all the pomp which can invest death itself with grandeur—who had lived and loved, and out-lived almost all she loved—calmly make ready the robes in which her way-worn body should repose until its youth and vigor return to it again.

They did not know that she was dying. She was insensible except to the approach of a child, whom she called by name and then closed her eyes. During the brief interval which succeeded that single expression of intelligence, and preceded the separation of soul and body, a vision made up of the scenes she was leaving and the memories connected with them, must have swept before her. A century of companionship had endeared many of the things of earth to her, and its joys and griefs had been impressed with some degree of permanency on her mind. The floating phantoms of the more recent past, must have mingled strongly with the distinct recollections of early years; and forms of men, and assemblies of the old dead, and all the circumstance and glory of the age of war and arms, passed triumphantly before her as the deep sleep came down on her heavy eyelids.

Death is victorious over all. When youth is crushed by his iron tread, we shrink and are sad; when manhood is broken down, we tremble; but when old age after a long contest yields at last, then men may smile.



From the Quarterly Review.

1. *Souvenirs d'un Séjour à Paris durant l'Hiver de 1802 à 1803.*
2. *Le Lac de Côme, 1830.*
3. *Munich et ses Monuments, 1839.*
4. *Souvenirs et Impressions de Voyage, 1846.*
5. *Feuilles détachées de l'Album d'un Homme retiré du Monde.* (By BARON WESSENBERG. Printed only for private circulation.)

BARON WESSENBERG is well remembered in England as special ambassador from Austria during the Belgian conferences of 1831 and 1832. On leaving us he bore away with him, as we believe, the esteem and good will of all parties. His liberal views and lively conversation—his activity and ability in hours of business, and his keen relish for society afterwards—will not be easily forgotten by those who had the pleasure to know him. Few men contributed more to the life and spirit of any company in which he found himself, combining as he did in a remarkable degree the reserve which his official duty imposed with a most ready and intelligent frankness of communication on any other subject.

The long and busy life of this statesman appears to have been fraught with many curious incidents. One of these is related by M. Fain in his "Manuscrit de 1814." At nearly the close of that campaign Baron Wessenberg was surprised and taken prisoner by a party of insurgent French peasantry between Nancy and Langres, and early on the morning of the 28th of March he was brought before Napoleon at his head-quarters of St. Dizier. He was, we believe, the last foreign minister whom the monarch of France, so lately conqueror and arbiter of Europe, had the opportunity of seeing before his abdication. Napoleon welcomed him with eager courtesies, received him at his own table to breakfast, gave him back his captured papers and portfolio, and, finally, after a long and interesting conversation, despatched him on a confidential mission to the Emperor of Austria. But the chances of the war had compelled that sovereign to fall back as far as Dijon at the very time that the events at Paris were in rapid progress of consummation, so that the mission of Baron Wessenberg, never perhaps very hopeful for Napoleon's cause, was quickly nipped in the bud.

The embassy to England in 1831 and 1832 was the last of Baron Wessenberg's important diplomatic services. His principles were not in accordance on all points with the leading influences at Vienna; and the divergence was more strongly felt after the great political changes of 1830 had become established and matured. He retired to his country seat near Freiburg in Brisgau, where he passed his green old age in the enjoyment of social and lettered ease. It was at that period that he committed to writing some recollections of his life, and some results of his experience; and of these (which we have just enumerated) he allowed a few copies to be printed for the entertainment of his personal friends. But at the age of seventy-four his tranquil retirement was to be sud-

denly and strangely broken through. The revolution of this year at Paris was ere long followed by other revolutions at Milan and at Venice, at Presburg and at Prague, and above all at Vienna. Baron Wessenberg was called on to assume the ministry of foreign affairs and the leading part in the cabinet at a crisis more perilous for the Austrian monarchy than when the Turkish armies were battering the walls of its capital—more perilous than when Maria Theresa, a fugitive from her German dominions, held forth her infant son amidst the acclamations of the loyal states of Hungary—more perilous than when Napoleon could dictate his bulletins from Schönbrunn.

It is no easy task, perhaps, amidst so many momentous changes passing all around—though, thanks be to God, not as yet amongst us—to direct public attention to any matters of lighter concern. Still, however, our readers may deem that we do them no unacceptable service, if we introduce Baron Wessenberg to them on the field of literature. With that view we will first select some miscellaneous extracts from his Recollections of Paris in 1802. But considering the length and number of these extracts, we will, instead of inserting the French original, attempt an English version of them.

#### GENERAL ASPECT OF PARIS.

Since the *dix-huit Brumaire*, and above all, since the Treaty of Luneville, which put a close to that fearful struggle from which France, notwithstanding all her victories, had suffered so greatly, Paris had begun to change its aspect. It was still indeed the city of mud and mire, (*de boue et de fange*), as Rousseau called it; from its appearance one might have thought that there had been neither sweeping nor repairing since the public entry of Henri Quatre, so dirty were the streets, and so rickety the houses. There was still many a ruin to recall the recent period of havoc, but people thought themselves at the end of their hardest trials, and gave way to the gayest hopes. Everybody sought to blot out the traces of a time which was never to return. There was general joy at the prospect of being able to renew the former intercourse with foreign nations, and the Parisians above all were happy to see thronging in among them a crowd of strangers, whose long absence had been not a little hurtful to them. Industry seemed awakening from a long slumber; and Paris might be compared to an immense ant-hill, where each unit was darting forth to his own objects of activity.

Already might the effects of this change be perceived in the tone of society and the way of living. The great public reviews and solemn receptions at the Tuileries prepared the way for the establishment of a new court. The republican customs gradually yielded to the splendor of the consular government. The drawing-rooms (*salons*) of the Consuls Cambacérès and Le Brun attracted in great numbers all persons eager to take a part in the new order of things.

In the *salon* of the Consul Le Brun, the former secretary of the Chancellor Maupeou, some trace was to be found of the old-fashioned manners. He was the first that made himself remarkable by a certain etiquette. The arm-chairs were ranged in a different line from the common chairs, and a line of

demarcation between different orders in society was beginning to be shadowed forth. The wives of the generals and of the great public functionaries by degrees stood aloof from the wives of the government contractors and brokers. Thus little by little the distinction of ranks came to be felt and seen. The first consul favored by all the means he could this transition to the customs of a monarchy. He removed in succession from around him all *les Roués de la Révolution*. His wife did not venture to associate with any persons of doubtful conduct; it became necessary for her to show the utmost reserve. The anticipations of Napoleon were speedily fulfilled.

Ere long everybody became ambitious of the honor to be received in the salons of the Tuileries. The commonwealth-men seemed every day to lessen and dwindle before the great number of people that hungered after favors and places. The words *liberté* and *égalité* had become void of meaning; they had ceased to express a truth. Never perhaps was any people more inclined to bend before a strongly constituted government, than was then the people of France; for they felt the absolute necessity of such a government. The conspiracies that still broke forth from time to time served only to manifest how impotent was the feeble minority, and to supply the first consul with new pretexts and new facilities to increase his power. Accordingly, I no longer doubted that the hero of the *dix-huit Brumaire* would shortly reach the highest point of dominion, seeing that he was irresistibly borne along to it by the force of circumstances, as much as by his own force of genius. After he was once named consul for life, he had fewer obstacles to overcome than had the Emperor Augustus before the battle of Actium. The great majority saw in him *l'homme nécessaire*. Neither Moreau as a rival, nor Carnot as a patriot, could any longer be formidable to him.

#### THE INFLUENZA (LA GRIPPE.)

All Paris was devoted to pleasures and amusements; these were not even put to flight by a horrible influenza, which was accompanied by a malignant ophthalmia, and which during several months made frightful havoc. More than thirty thousand people fell victims to it. This illness, and especially the ophthalmia, its dangerous adjunct, had been imported from Egypt by the troops that returned after the assassination of General Kléber. At Paris it assumed at once an epidemic character, aided no doubt by the extreme humidity which prevailed throughout the winter. For my own part I did not escape. However, I had the good fortune to recover without the help of a physician, by merely following a regimen pointed out in the *Journal des Débats*, and which consisted in frequently applying to the eye affected some tendons of raw veal, and in avoiding all substantial food during the whole course of the illness.

#### THE PALAIS ROYAL.

The *Palais Royal* was the principal rendezvous for all idlers, home and foreign, and also for sharpers of every kind. There were the means of gratification ready for every want, every fancy, and every folly. There one might breakfast, dine, read the newspapers, eat ices, dress to the latest fashion, enjoy the pleasures of the theatre—for the *Théâtre Français* and the *Théâtre Montausier* were both within the circumference of the *Palais Royal*—there, in short, might one at one's pleasure, ruin oneself either in purse or in person. The best *restaurateurs*,

coffee-houses, and shops of every variety were seen there in the greatest profusion; nor was there any lack of gaming-houses. That at No. 29 was the one which principally attracted foreigners. One day an Englishman lost at it, with the most stoic composure, a hundred thousand francs which he had staked upon one card; he withdrew without saying a single word, and never appeared again.

Masséna one night carried away from it seven hundred thousand francs. The bankers, terrified at his run of luck, offered him next day fifty thousand francs if he would refrain from playing only that single day. He refused, and again was a considerable gainer. The exclusive privilege for these games of chance was farmed out as a branch of the revenue, bringing in not less than six millions yearly, for which the government did not account to the public. The ministry of police and the military governor of Paris had each their share in it, as had also several benevolent and charitable institutions. I never entered but once any of those dens of despair. I was not a little surprised at meeting there a German of my acquaintance, once a merchant of credit, but who, after having failed in business, sunk so low as to accept from the farmers of the bank a sort of salary, on condition of bringing to their play-table new customers from among the foreigners at Paris.

Fouché had just been reforming the police of the *Palais Royal*. When I first arrived at Paris, one used often to be assailed there in no seemly manner by a whole swarm of Houris, some of them of the lowest order, and could not always get clear of them without leaving some money behind. At last, to avoid complaints, they had formed the plan of establishing a kind of police amongst themselves, by submitting to the authority of a chief, chosen in their own ranks. This chief had taken the title of *Madame Joséphine*, in allusion to the wife of the first consul, and used to levy a moderate toll on the passers by, who after they had paid the toll were allowed to wander freely through the midst of this commonwealth of *grisettes*; their principal bazaar being the *Théâtre Montausier*. For this reason no respectable woman durst appear at that theatre; even its boxes were open to the humblest votaries of Venus. On one occasion a German lady of high birth ventured to step in from curiosity, and was on the point of becoming the victim of a brutal Englishman, who, more than half-drunk, only replied to her refusals by horrible God-damns! Fouché at last reduced all these wretched creatures to a severe discipline; and, above all, limited the number of those who were permitted to frequent the theatres and the *Palais Royal*; notwithstanding which rule, they were still occasionally to be seen there in considerable crowds.

#### LE GRANDE MONDE.

The pleasures of the great world, (as they are commonly called,) namely, besides plays, great parties, routs, full-dress balls, and state dinners—all these had been set on foot again under the consulate. The first consul always invited to dinner a great number of foreigners on his days of *grande réception*. On such a day the first business was always a splendid military review in the court of the Tuileries. The *Corps Diplomatique* and the foreigners in its train had sometimes to wait for several hours before they were ushered into the hall of audience. The dinners of the first consul never lasted beyond three quarters of an hour, and were in general followed by a concert, where one some-

times heard excellent Italian music. But the dinners of the most renown were those given by the second consul, M. Cambacérés; they were directed by one M. d'Aigrefeuille, a gentleman of the ancient long robe, a friend of the master of the house, and one of the highest authorities on all questions of good cheer. Cambacérés, quite satisfied with filling the second place, thought only of maintaining a high position amidst the new order of things, and had frankly devoted himself to the future emperor, who on his part had never any reason to regret the confidence which he granted him. Nothing could exceed his courtesy to all the foreigners who were introduced at his house.

M. de Talleyrand lived *en grand Seigneur* and saw a great deal of company. His dinners were each a type of the most exquisite cheer. In the evening, the great diplomat was as it were lost to society, for he always concluded his day by a party at whist, that seemed to have no end. His play was very high—five *louis* the point, besides bets. Madame de Talleyrand, a very good kind of woman, very ignorant, and with only some remains of beauty, added little either to the brilliancy or to the pleasantness of the house. It has never been clearly understood what motives *Monseigneur* the ex-bishop can have had for contracting such a marriage. It is said that he began by spending the fair lady's fortune; but I do not think that he would have considered that a reason for making her his wife! On one occasion a friend of his addressed to him a question on the subject, expressing his surprise how he could have given his hand to so silly a woman (*une femme si nulle.*) M. de Talleyrand answered, "Had I known any one sillier still, she should have been my choice!" The pope, by a brief dated June 29, 1802, had absolved M. de Talleyrand from every excommunication, and authorized him to wear a layman's dress.\*

\* We must step aside here for a moment to observe that we found lately some of us new details concerning the early history of Madame de Talleyrand, in a volume from which no one could have anticipated fresh information on that subject, or even the slightest allusion to it. We refer to a biography of Charles Macintosh, F. R. S., printed by his son "for private circulation," in 1847. This little volume will not be overlooked by those curious as to the history of science; for the gentleman whose name is popularly known only in connection with our water-proof capes and cloaks, was in fact a scientific chemist of great and varied accomplishment. But to our own point—Charles Macintosh had an elder brother, William, whose name survives as author of a book entitled "Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa." This William Macintosh was a merchant, a planter, and also a chemist; and among many varieties of fortune and occupation, he was established in trade at Calcutta during the government of Warren Hastings. Not the least important incident of that period was the trial of Hastings' great enemy, Mr. (afterwards Sir Philip) Francis, for *crim. con.* with Mrs. Grand, a young lady of Scotch origin, wife of a practitioner at the Calcutta bar. This lady being deserted by Francis very soon after the exposure of their intercourse, found refuge, it seems, under the roof of Mr. William Macintosh. She lived for some time with him—accompanied him to Europe—and his affairs making it convenient for him to take up his residence in France, was found at the opening of the revolution an inmate in his house. He had claims on the government of France, which all the revolutionary administrations successively evaded; he seems to have been reduced to great straits, and in the course of his anxious negotiations, Mrs. Grand was often employed by him when not in Paris to wait on persons in power on his behalf. On one occasion she thus attended the levee of citizen Talleyrand, ex-bishop of Autun; who, being smitten with her nullity, invited her to remain under his roof. Thus ended her connection with the Calcutta friend—who subse-

Murat, who was then Governor of Paris, likewise kept open house. His wife, afterwards Queen Caroline of Naples, although still rather a novice in the ways of fashionable life, pleased notwithstanding, from her cleverness, and from her agreeable manners, without any tinge of pride. The goodness of her heart was generally praised. Her husband was a true hussar, and what they commonly call a good fellow, (*bon diable*;) he talked of nothing besides horses and hunting—but he showed great politeness to all strangers. The other generals troubled themselves little about society. Moreau, who lived almost wholly in the country, at his château of Gros-bois, would have been willing enough to receive foreigners at his house, but he was on ill terms with the first consul, notwithstanding the advances which the latter had made to him—and his mother-in-law Madame Hulot, a great dabbler at intrigue, was ever busy in adding fresh fuel to his jealousy. Thus it was necessary to be very circumspect in any intercourse with him. Moreau was even ostentatious in displaying his angry displeasure, and never appeared dressed in uniform. Bernadotte belonged to the same party, but was much more reserved and more afraid of committing himself. Besides, he had some family ties with the first consul through his wife, who was the sister of Joseph Bonaparte's. I watched pretty closely all the underhand dealings of this party, and soon became convinced that they had not among them a single mind so strong as ever to be formidable to him who had dared attempt the *Dix-huit Brumaire*.

Among the nabobs of the *Chaussée d'Antin* there was none but M. Recamier who kept open house. His balls every Monday were frequented by all the most distinguished and fashionable people, both French and foreign.

In general the foreigners at Paris did not contribute much to the charms of its society. Some ladies used to receive some of their acquaintance; such as the Princess Dolgorouki, the Countess Zamoiska, who was then beautiful as an angel, and the Duchess de Riario, but that was all; the ambassadors did not go beyond a state dinner at long intervals, or a tiresome rout. The wife of the Prussian minister, Madame de Lucchesini, had a small circle of her own. This lady took great pains to disguise the fact of her having passed for some time the limit-line of forty, and used, it is said, to go to bed every afternoon, in the hope that when she appeared at parties, a few hours later, her complexion might be restored to all its morning freshness. She doted on Paris, and feared nothing so much as to see her husband recalled. Madame de

quently, in some manner still mysterious, attracted the suspicion of Bonaparte, as supposed to be in correspondence with the exiled Louis XVIII.—was arrested at Eisenach, and held in a tedious imprisonment, from the effects of which his health never recovered. On the restoration—by which time he was dead—his only daughter, the Countess de Colleville, received some part of the property to which his claims had referred. Madame de Talleyrand's subsequent history is also sketched:—her husband, we are told, being weary of her, she was appointed to receive Ferdinand VII. of Spain at Valençay—where the *châtelaine* (no longer young, but skilfully preserved) spared nothing to alleviate her royal guest's captivity. She was at Paris when Napoleon escaped from Elba—but instantly took the alarm, and arrived in London before he reached the Tuileries. It must be inferred from this narrative, if we are to accept its authority, that the lady's money could have had no share in elevating her to the position of Talleyrand's wife any more than to that of Ferdinand's mistress.



Staël used to say of him, that he was a man whose eminent abilities were always under the direction of a peculiarly supple character.

#### JOSEPHINE.

The first consul's wife had no political importance; all her lustre came from her exalted position. Perhaps it may be said that her negative qualities formed her principal claim to the affections of her husband, who would have been sorely perplexed had his wife attempted to shine as he did by genius, or to mix in business. Madame Josephine thought only of shining by her toilet; this was her grand affair, her grand passion, and of this the milliners and mantuamakers did not fail to make their harvest. It appeared that in the very first year of the consulate, her debts already amounted to twelve hundred thousand *livres*, which was on the point of producing a serious matrimonial quarrel. Talleyrand and Ouvrand undertook to settle the affair, and make up the deficit. I really think that her gewgaws and millinery had something to do with her divorce. To make millions of debt for millinery! such an idea could scarcely enter the head of a man more zealous perhaps than any that ever lived for administrative precision and good order. The only wedding present which Bonaparte had ever made his wife was a plain necklace, in which bands of hair were fastened to an enamelled plate of gold, and on this were inscribed the words "To destiny," (*Au destin*).

Napoleon, in speaking of his two wives, said, the first never asked for anything, but she owed money everywhere; the second did not hesitate to ask when she had no money left, but this very seldom happened; she would not have thought it right to make any purchase without immediate payment. The *secrétaire des commandements* of the Empress Josephine was the most miserable of men; since he saw himself constantly on the brink either of losing the favor of his mistress, when he attempted to check her lavish expenses, or of having to bribe her creditors to patience and quiet; or else, on discovery, of undergoing the wrath of the master, and it is well known what terror that wrath inspired. Madame Josephine used to shed tears readily at the slightest annoyance or mischance, but no sooner was a new gown brought in, than all her sorrows seemed to vanish from her mind. Bourrienne declared, that if one were to retrench from her life the time which she passed in either crying or dressing, her mortal span would be very considerably lessened!

Nevertheless Madame Bonaparte combined several very estimable qualities. It was her misfortune not to have given a son to her illustrious husband. She was sincerely attached to his person, and perhaps even more to his glory and his fortune. For this she ought not surely to be censured. She was the best of mothers, most kind also to all her kindred, and there has only been one voice as to her boundless charity and good nature.

The first consul, who at the first period of his marriage was devotedly fond of his wife, extended his attachment in no slight degree, to her children. The son, Eugène Beauharnais, at the time of which I am speaking, was an officer in the *Guides de la Garde Consulaire*. He was of promising abilities, and, considering his age, had a remarkable *aplomb*. The daughter, Hortense, had been spoiled by her mother, but in other respects was very well educated, thanks to the care of Madame Campan. She looked to a throne, and Louis Bonaparte had

to give her his hand. Never were husband and wife worse suited to each other; a divorce took place between them on the very day of their marriage.

From Paris we will now pass to Munich, where our author's recollections are thirty-seven years later—of 1839, instead of 1802. Our readers will best appreciate the immense architectural exertions of King Louis when they hear Baron Wessenberg's opinion that had his majesty chosen another site for them—Ratisbon especially—the new city would in twenty years have not only rivalled but surpassed every city in Germany, not excepting even Venice or Berlin:—

Munich made on me the impression of an oasis—a fine one, I admit—in the midst of a desert. No other name can be given to the melancholy plain, destitute of every charm which surrounds it. In every direction the eye can only discern gloomy fir-woods and arid fields. I am doubtful whether the town has really gained much by its prodigious increase. The old town, the streets especially of Kaufingen and Sendlingen, have preserved the aspect of a time the memory of which is dear to the Bavarians. The new town, built far beyond the limits of the old, is better planned and with larger open spaces; it is adorned with stately buildings, and aims at rivaling the classic ages. Even now, however, the old town has most of business and stir in it, because it comprises the *bourgeoisie*, properly so called, the real trades-people, the shops and the workshops of every kind; while the new town, with its wide deserted streets, has an air of majestic melancholy, in spite of all the grandeur of its palaces. By dint of vast expense one may make any city look fine, but it can never be rendered permanently populous or wealthy, if not favored in its geographical position and its political bearings.

Munich—placed as it is out of reach of the main lines of communication, on a barren soil, and to the north of the Alps which divide Bavaria and Austria—can never become a central point or mart of riches.

The vital principle of all prosperity—I mean commerce on a large scale—is wanting to Munich, and can never be supplied. In this respect Bavaria has only one spot eminently favored by nature, and that spot is Ratisbon. That ancient town, once a free city of the empire, placed in the centre of the Bavarian kingdom, and seated on the most splendid and most navigable stream of Europe, in the midst of a rich and fertile country—Ratisbon, I say, once transformed into a capital, might in less than twenty years have become the first city in Germany. King Louis resolved to preserve the ancient residence of his fathers; he did not wish to consign to gloom and mourning all the good honest men and all the pretty women of Munich; he did not wish to part with or to sever from the abodes of his own earliest years; he has wished to embellish and improve a place so full of historic and personal recollections—and who is there that could blame him for that feeling?

From Munich our author naturally deviates to the progress of architecture among *les bons citoyens de Vienne*:—

In Austria, the progress of architecture has certainly of late been remarkable, as is proved by a

large number of handsome and well-constructed houses at Vienna and at Prague, and in the neighborhood of both these capitals. Nay, I venture to think, that as to all points of internal distribution, and the best means of combining comfort with elegance, people are here fully as skilful as in France. But the *Style Grandiose* is as yet but little seen. I am speaking of the German states, for the Italian provinces of the empire abound in architects of the highest merit. The most celebrated now at Vienna are, MM. Nobile, Moreau, Kornhäusel, and Schermerl. The first has built the pretty villa of Prince Metternich in the suburbs. It was Kornhäusel who drew the plans of another still more splendid, belonging to the Archduke Charles, near Baden, and called Weilburg. Among all the new public buildings, the most remarkable beyond all question is the Mint, of which Professor Springer was the architect. It is distinguished above all the other edifices by its lofty and fine proportions. One building of great beauty is the new Cathedral of Erlau, constructed at the expense of the learned and venerable Archbishop Ladislaus Pyrker, in the Greco-Roman style, by an Hungarian architect, M. Hild, who studied at Rome. The Temple of Theseus and the new gate between the imperial palace and the suburb, both after the designs of M. Nobile, are faulty in their site. The gate especially, constructed in a good style, but a little flattened, forms too striking a contrast with the old architectural rubbish near it. However, the inscription placed on the architrave in front of the palace is alone equal in value to the noblest of monuments. The words "JUSTITIA REGNORUM FUNDAMENTUM," words which contain the highest lesson that can be taught to sovereigns, and which comprise the whole science of government, will celebrate, more worthily than could any masterpiece of art, the memory of the enlightened prince who has caused this gate to be erected.

The *Souvenirs de Voyage* refer chiefly to Switzerland and its society, as will be seen by the following fragments of a journal:—

GENEVA IN 1829.

October 22.—This evening I had an invitation from M. Sismondi to his country-house. To do me honor, he had asked a crowd of other people, but they were prevented from coming by the bad weather. My friend Bonstetten was the only one that did not fail. M. Sismondi is quite a storehouse of knowledge. What that man must have read and studied in the course of his life is really immense. Excepting only his antipathy and prejudice whenever the house of Austria is in question, I look upon him as one of the most profound and exact of modern historians. His conversation is very lively and instructive. Madame Sismondi is sister-in-law to Sir James Mackintosh, in London.

I ended my day at the house of Madame B., the wife of the celebrated physician. This good woman, bending under the weight of more than seventy years, boasted to me at great length of the high reputation which the ladies of Geneva enjoy, assuring me that all the attempts of the most practised rakes and seducers entirely failed, whenever they came to be applied to her dear countrywomen. I do not know whether, notwithstanding my more than fifty years, she was pleased to consider me still a dangerous man. On my part I assured her, whilst scanning with my eye her figure of mere skin and bone, that the renown of Genevese virtue

had spread throughout all Europe, and that there was only one voice as to the purity of morals at Geneva; a purity which, no doubt, must have driven to despair many a Lovelace on his travels. Bonstetten was very much amused at this conversation. This same Madame B. said to the Empress Josephine, who, after her divorce from Napoleon, came to pass some time in the neighborhood of Geneva, that now her majesty was released from the pomps of the world, she ought to employ her leisure in writing her memoirs, where, no doubt, added Madame B., "one would find some scenes very high, and some very low!"

October 23.—I received this morning a visit from Sir Francis d'Ivernois, who involved me in several arguments on points of political economy. October 24.—I dined with Sir Francis d'Ivernois at his country-house, meeting there my friend Bonstetten and some others. Our party was very pleasant; the dinner and wines were excellent. Sir Francis happily was more sparing than usual of his arithmetical figures. He talked a great deal of the late Mr. Pitt, who had been his protector, and had granted him a considerable pension, in reward of the publications which he had put forth against the new order of things in France. I suspect that the great financier, William Pitt, may have been a little jealous of the great administrator, Napoleon.

We may say in passing that we cannot at all concur in the suspicion which Baron Wessenberg has here expressed.

But perhaps the most interesting and valuable of Baron Wessenberg's productions are his *Pensées*, composed as they are by no imaginative theorist, by no secluded student, but by a man both experienced and eminent in the practical business of life. He has divided his reflections into classes, from which we shall now proceed to make several extracts. But their close and epigrammatic turn would suffer so greatly in a translation (at least from our hands) that we shall prefer to transcribe them from the French original.

#### THÉORIE DU BONHEUR.

Toute la science du bonheur est renfermée dans un seul mot, et ce mot est OCCUPATION. Tout dépend de savoir remplir le vide de la vie.

La vie la plus occupée sera la moins malheureuse.

On ne peut vivre qu'avec des illusions, et dès qu'on a un peu vécu toutes les illusions s'envolent. Il n'y a de bon qu'une occupation dont on soit toujours sûr, et qui nous mène jusqu'au bout en nous empêchant de nous ronger nous-mêmes.

Il faut savoir aimer sa destinée. Il ne dépend pas de nous de la changer, mais il dépend de nous de nous attacher à une occupation qui préserve, comme disait le grand Bossuet, de cet inexorable ennui qui fait le fond de la vie humaine.

On n'échappe toutefois à l'ennui que moyennant une occupation habituelle qui serépète chaque jour, ayant un but déterminé. Les occupations sérieuses sont celles qui répandent le plus de calme dans notre âme. Les occupations frivoles et de pur amusement distraient momentanément, mais ne désennuient pas; au lieu de remplir le vide qu'on sent en soi, elles en ouvrent toujours un nouveau.

#### EXPÉRIENCES.

On va plus loin avec les idées des autres qu'avec les siennes.

Ce n'est pas le zèle qui est récompensé—c'est le savoir faire.

Pour savoir vivre il faut avoir souffert. Celui qui n'a pas souffert que sait-il ?

Il manque quelque-chose à l'homme qui n'a pas éprouvé le malheur.

Le succès est presque toujours une affaire d'aprosos.

On ne va pas à la gloire par le bonheur.

On peut mépriser le monde, mais on ne peut pas s'en passer.

Savoir attendre est le grand moyen de parvenir.

On n'est souvent mécontent des autres que parce qu'on l'est de soi-même.

Rien de plus hautain qu'un homme médiocre devenu puissant.

Les hommes promettent selon leurs espérances et tiennent leurs promesses selon leurs craintes.

L'indifférence blesse souvent plus profondément que l'injustice.

Souvent il faut se garder plus de ses amis que de ses ennemis ; du moins ces derniers ne donnent pas de conseils !

Notre secret est rarement trahi par ceux qui le savent, mais le plus souvent par ceux qui le deviennent.

#### OBSERVATIONS.

Ce qui empêche la plupart des hommes de faire grand' chose, c'est qu'il leur faut un temps incroyablement pour rien faire.

Il n'est pas donné à l'homme de s'arrêter sur une pente.

La raison de l'homme ressemble au globe qu'il habite ; la moitié en est plongée dans les ténèbres quand l'autre est éclairée (*mot attribué à Robespierre.*)

Les désœuvrés n'aiment pas les gens qui s'occupent ; ils ne comprennent pas la volupté du travail.

Les médiocrités utiles ont plus de chance que les grands talents ; ceux-ci veulent se faire valoir pour eux-mêmes, tandis que les autres se contentent de faire valoir ceux qui les protègent.

La grande vanité des hommes en place est d'avoir tout prévu.

La renommée est une fumée qu'il faut renouveler sans cesse, si l'on veut qu'elle dure.

L'affectation est toujours l'enseigne de la médiocrité.

Il y a, disait Monsieur de Talleyrand, quelqu'un qui a plus d'esprit que personne, c'est tout le monde.

Il faut être bien dépourvu de science pour se croire très-savant.

Combien de soi-disant grands hommes ont besoin, pour faire effet, du prestige de l'éloignement, et d'un costume de théâtre !

Il y a cent bonnes têtes pour une âme ferme.

Les têtes qui passent pour profondes ne sont souvent que des têtes creuses.

La supériorité d'un homme en place, qui ne s'entoure que de médiocrités, est toujours suspecte.

#### LES HOMMES ET LA SOCIÉTÉ.

Montesquieu distingue dans la société deux sortes d'hommes—"ceux qui amusent par opposition avec ceux qui pensent." Ah Montesquieu ! pourquoi oubliez-vous la troisième, et non la moins nombreuse espèce, celle des hommes qui ne pensent ni amusent !

Que sont devenues ces bonnes manières qui faisaient la réputation de la société d'autrefois ? J'ai encore entendu les lamentations de M. de Talleyrand à ce sujet ; "On se piquait," disait-il, "jadis

d'avoir de grandes manières, de belles manières, de manières nobles, élégantes, distinguées ; aujourd'hui on se pique de n'en avoir pas du tout. Les femmes ne savent plus occuper le sofa, faire les honneurs d'un salon, animer et diriger une conversation ; de leur côté les hommes ne savent plus quoi faire de leurs bras et de leurs jambes ; ils affectent un laissezaller, souvent peu décent, et ne font aucun frais d'aimabilité. Être prévenant, poli, affable, c'est à leurs yeux porter préjudice à l'indépendance, la seule chose à laquelle on vise aujourd'hui."

#### RÈGLES DE POLITIQUE.

La politique est le discernement de ce qui mène au but.

Aujourd'hui la politique ne consiste plus dans la finesse : l'art en est usé ; elle consiste selon les situations, ou dans la franchise, ou dans le silence.

Le grand point est de savoir garder les mains libres pour pouvoir agir selon les circonstances.

Pour rester indépendant il faut éviter tout engagement inutile, et n'en prendre jamais qui ne soit nécessaire.

La religion en politique consiste à savoir faire un sacrifice à temps. Prendre l'initiative d'une concession devenue inévitable est le seul moyen d'en atténuer le poids et d'en éviter un plus grand.

En général il vaut mieux aborder le malheur en front que de l'attendre dans l'inaction. En l'envisageant dans toute son étendue on s'aperçoit plus facilement comment il est encore possible d'échapper à toutes ses conséquences.

We have no desire to connect with these specimens of Baron Wessenberg's literary lucubrations any remarks or speculations concerning the extraordinary events that have recalled him to a foremost place in the anxieties of public life. A subject so grave and complex requires separate treatment.

MR. SIMPSON'S last personal sketch is Cavaignac. "Now rides by a spare man, with a small military waist, a long thin bronzed face, a thick mustache, and tufted beard, and dark, somewhat heavy eyes, gleaming forth from under a calm but stern brow. Although, when he removes his plumed hat, he exhibits a head partially bald, yet his general air is that of a man in the full vigor of his best years, in the full active use of his lithy form." There can hardly be a question but that this figure will again be prominent in France. Of all that have arisen out of the strange conflict of ideas and men still so vividly in progress, it is the only one that remains as when we saw it first, calm, firm, and self-collected. It is the same in supposed defeat as when identified with popular triumphs. We doubt if history contains an incident marked by greater dignity and simplicity than Cavaignac's surrender of the power with which the Assembly had entrusted him, on the election of Louis Napoleon. There is probably no man living, except the Duke of Wellington, who could have resisted the temptation of making a speech on such an occasion, or that would not at such a time have been occupied with *himself*, rather than with other and larger considerations. We take the incident to have been decisive of Cavaignac's character, and of the part he will yet, most assuredly, play out in France.—*Examiner.*



From the Examiner.

## SKETCH OF DISRAELI.

THE idiosyncrasy of Mr. Disraeli, let us confess, is a mystery to our comprehension. We are utterly at a loss to conceive how a person so strangely gifted could ever have attained the position which he now fills. His ability and his folly, his shrewdness and his want of tact, the keenness of his perceptions and his utter want of fixed views or principles of any kind, the strength and the weakness of his intellect and character, form a compound as perplexing as any that philosopher could discourse on, or chemist attempt to analyze. With an all-absorbing desire to become the associate of statesmen and diplomatists, and ready to sacrifice every other consideration to the attainment of this end, Mr. Disraeli entered on life. A place among the high-born, and the admiration of glittering rank and haughty beauty, were the confessed objects of his ambition. To these objects he directed all the powers of a mind showy but unsound, subtle and pungent, but extravagant and undisciplined, and perverted thoroughly by the most outrageous self-conceit, and the most unscrupulous ambition to shine. Sir Robert Peel having declined, when in office, to avail himself of his services, he found in the proposed repeal of the corn-laws an opportunity which he could not resist, of at once gratifying his vengeance and indulging his thirst for political distinction. Not many months before, he had sneered bitterly at the so-called followers of Pitt supposing themselves true to his principles in clinging to paltry doctrines of commercial restriction; and he now proceeded to defend those paltry doctrines with the same zeal which in other circumstances he would doubtless have brought to a defence of the doctrines of free trade. Still more ardently and successfully, however, he became engaged in assailing the minister by whom the contemplated change was proposed. Of those censures of Sir Robert Peel we shall here only say that while we cannot but condemn their bitter and unsparing personality, and certainly cannot admire the motives in which they originated, we yet do not think that they were wholly undeserved. If the conduct of the statesman had not been open to animadversion, the vituperation of his assailant must have proved far less effective. But it seems to us that the success of Mr. Disraeli in that instance acquired for him a reputation in the house of commons as a party leader and orator to which he can lay no legitimate claim. In our judgment nothing whatever, proceeding from a man of real and acknowledged ability, can be conceived more futile and irrelevant than the greater portion of the speeches in which Mr. Disraeli lays aside attack, and condescends to think and to reason. The staple of those productions consists usually of extravagant paradox, developed with pertinacious emphasis; or of unintelligible allusions to foreign politics and forgotten treaties, almost wholly unconnected with the immediate subject of discussion. On their prospects under such a leader, therefore, quite

apart from his demerits of "authorship," we cannot possibly congratulate the protectionist party.

MR. WILDE'S *Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life* is less a sketch of his latter days than a medical review of his bodily symptoms from the boyish period when he indulged himself in eating "a hundred golden pippins" at once; and, as he thought, permanently injured his digestion, up to his death under restraint and scarcely conscious of external objects. By bringing together all his symptoms and sensations from his own letters and journals, as well as from the recorded accounts of eye-witnesses, Mr. Wilde has formed a curious collection of facts relating to Swift's bodily affections, and possessing both a unity and a bearing that will vainly be sought in common biographies by non-medical men. It does not appear to us that Mr. Wilde accomplishes his main object, which is to overturn the opinion that Swift was insane. The moody silence in his closing years, Mr. Wilde says, arose from paralysis; the restlessness and other symptoms of his supposed madness, from bodily pain; which may be true, but the evidence of a disturbed or paralyzed intellect is too strong to be overthrown.

The second part of the book refers to the dean's connection with Stella, Esther Johnson, and passing allusions to Miss Vanhomrigh. Here too Mr. Wilde brings together the principal passages bearing upon this much discussed topic; submitting each to a critical examination, to determine its nature as an original or contemporary authority, or a mere report or compilation of after days. He presents the story, but apparently without attaching any weight to it, that Swift and Stella were both natural children of Sir William Temple, and that the relationship was not discovered till after the alleged marriage. His own view of the mystery is best read in his summing-up at the close of his survey.

One of the great sources of uneasiness being removed, it may be asked, if none of these causes already hinted at existed, why did not Swift now acknowledge Esther Johnson as his wife, or marry her if not already legally bound to her? The answer to this question must ever be surmise or conjecture. We may, however, again refer to dates. It was now the year 1724; Swift was fifty-seven, and Stella forty-two years of age, and both in very precarious health; the force of habit, the coldness of Swift's temperament, perhaps indifference on the part of Stella when the cause of her anxiety was removed, and a feeling that as they had (if the story of the marriage be true) lived so many years of their lives separate, and both past their days of youth, they should live on as before. The very mystery of their connection, which had been so long preserved, both might now be unwilling to disclose.

Some early satirical poems or lampoons, ascribed to Swift, are printed in this volume. The evidence in favor of the authorship is little more than conjectural; but the pieces have a resemblance to Swift's style. They are all juvenile or unfinished; some of them are imperfect, or printed so because of their coarseness; all are relics rather curious than interesting.

From Chambers' Journal.

## THERE ARE FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

A TALE BY THE LATE MRS. JAMES GRAY.

PERHAPS there are no disagreements in which the contending parties are so hard to be reconciled as those designated "family quarrels." Why this is the case is a question involving a multitude of considerations, on only one or two of which we can briefly touch at present. It may proceed in some degree from the same principle on which is grounded the old adage, "Familiarity breeds contempt." "He is my own relation; surely I have a right to advise him." "She is my cousin; it is hard if one cannot speak one's mind freely to so near a connection;" forgetting that the very indissoluble nature of the tie existing between the parties is, as in a marriage, an extra reason for that forbearance which should ever be practised between man and man. Again, there are often in families, clashing interests, requiring the exercise of justice, kindness, and impartiality, to adjust them satisfactorily, and these qualities are by no means so common as some less amiable ones. No small portion of the quarrels in families begin from this source. But if family quarrels are bitter and vindictive, there is another less open species of warfare perpetually going on in some families, which is not so easily defined or even so easily reconciled. "A shyness," "a coldness"—these are the terms by which it is designated; and it consists in a thousand little uncharitable acts and feelings, in which both parties are generally pretty equally to blame. The fact of who was the original aggressor, or what the aggression was, is lost in the distance; but each has a multitude of complaints to make of the other, and this continued unpleasantness is thus kept up and fomented by the commission of numerous faults on both sides. In illustration take the following true story.

James and William Bolton were brothers, residing in a flourishing manufacturing town—the eldest and youngest of a large family, the intermediate branches of which were scattered through the four quarters of the world. James, the elder, had also passed a good portion of his early life abroad, and returning to his native country with a considerable property, had been drawn by the strength of natural affection, first to visit, and secondly to settle in the locality where his only near relative now in England was already residing. William had been married for two or three years, and was the father of two children, a boy and a girl. He had married a lady of small ready-money property, which had been very useful to him in a business requiring a more extensive capital than he had himself possessed; and she, being what is usually called a "clever manager"—a shrewd, active, domestic personage—it was considered that William Bolton had made an excellent match. Whether it was the sight of his brother's domestic happiness, or that he thought a house of his own would be preferable to the lodgings he now occupied, I know not, but before he had been at home many months, James Bolton announced to his

brother that he was disposed to marry; and within a year after his return to England, he led to the hymeneal altar a lady, not so young as to be denominated a girl, yet scarcely so old as to be reported of a certain age. Mrs. William Bolton, who, for various reasons was not fully satisfied with the match, was quite sure that five years might, without injustice, be added to the thirty the lady owned to, and wondered she did not wear caps. "It would look so much more respectable, my dear, considering your brother's age," as she remarked to her husband.

Be this as it may, in the course of a few years Mrs. James became the mother of a numerous and thriving family, whilst Mrs. William's, with the addition of a little girl, born in the same year with Mrs. James' second, remained unenlarged. But by the time ten years of matrimony had gone over the head of the elder brother, one of the *shynesses*, the *unpleasantnesses*, so unaccountable, so apparently incurable, to which I alluded in the beginning of this story, had arisen between the families, and seemed rather to increase than to diminish with each succeeding year. Not between the brothers; their affection was undiminished; their greetings as kind and cordial as ever. But they seldom met; and, as if secretly conscious of the disunion amidst the allied powers, never alluded to the circumstance.

Mrs. William Bolton was indeed a curious compound. She was, as we said, shrewd, managing, and active; she was tolerably well informed; had been a good daughter to infirm parents, was an affectionate wife, and a doting mother. Besides this, she had a kind and warm heart, and would have given, to use a common expression, the very clothes off her back to succor the distressed for whom her feelings were interested. But she was full of prejudices, social, moral, and political, and given to express herself on many occasions far more strongly than the occasion warranted: this she called an honest speaking of her mind, while many considered it as rude and abrupt. She was of a good family; her husband, indeed, was the only trader in it; they had all been in possessions before; and she had rather a lowering idea of trade. She kept little company—*first*, because she said a woman who had a family to look after, had something else to do than gad about; *secondly*, because there were few in her own sphere whom she liked well enough to put herself out of the way to visit; and she had not the least idea of any duty she owed to society, which should make her spend her time with those she did not care for. There were, however, a chosen few, who ran nearly parallel to herself in prejudices, which they dignified with the name of *principle*; and these formed almost her only associates. Mrs. James Bolton she never liked: her father, it turned out, had been a pawnbroker; and Mrs. William affected a charitable hushing-up of the circumstance whenever it happened to be alluded to, while at the same time she indulged in many a strong hint at *upstarts* and low-born people while

in the presence of James Bolton's family—especially the elder children, who being, poor things, in blessed ignorance of their mamma's origin, could only vainly wonder at their aunt's vehemence. Then Mrs. James was accused by Mrs. William of being thoroughly idle; and that she was of a less active turn than her sister-in-law, nobody could deny. She was a fair, plump, composed-looking dame, who took the world easily, trusted to washerwomen to darn stockings, and to servants to dress her children; and in the midst of a domestic Babel, which Mrs. William would have talked and commanded into worse confusion in no time, might often be seen quietly lounging on a sofa, with her mind engaged with the last new novel. Then both James Bolton and his lady liked to keep a more sumptuous table than Mrs. William approved of; were fond of high-seasoned dainties, and so forth; and Mrs. William chose to set them down as gluttons. "I really dread asking your brother to dinner, my dear," Mrs. William would remark; "one has to be so particular, and make such a fuss." Now the truth was, that some soup, a good joint of meat, and a pudding, would have furnished quite a sufficient dinner for the occasion, and all parties would have been satisfied; but Mrs. William made her fatigue evident, as she sat down at the head of her well-furnished board. The children, as little children, played together, but, with the singular instincts of children, soon felt the coldness of their parents extending to themselves. Indeed, their mammas did not spare their invectives on each other's progeny before their own. Mrs. James pronounced Mrs. William's the rudest and most forward brats in the universe; Mrs. William thanked Heaven her children were honest and independent—she would not have them so artful and deceitful as their cousins for the world.

As the families grew up, matters did not mend, for the daughters (Mrs. James had four to Mrs. William's two) were as distasteful to the latter as ever the mother had been. "Empty, affected, artful creatures," Mrs. William designated them; "to be sure, what better could be expected from their bringing up!" Now the four Misses Bolton were neither better nor worse than the generality of young ladies; they were moderately good-looking, moderately accomplished, reasonably fond of each other, and delighted in gayety, and dress, and beaux. Here Mrs. William had a great triumph; her Jane was decidedly beautiful; her Millicent pretty and extremely clever—the only blot in her mother's eyes being, that she seemed to love her aunt, her uncle, her cousins, and all her relations, next to her own parents, with the most perfect and childlike confidence; and they loved her. Millicent was as completely a family pet as ever was heroine of romance. She seemed to have come into the world without a spot in her mind where pride or prejudice could grow—loving her parents, her brother and sister supremely, yet with love enough to extend to all besides; a lovely, happy, loving creature indeed was little Milly Bolton.

Jane, the elder sister, was even more beautiful; her mind was well cultivated; her manners elegant; her nature extremely affectionate. But she inherited much of her mother's prejudice and pride, and in her the family dislike did not seem likely to be softened. Jane was exceedingly polite to her cousins, and was by them treated with politeness in return; but little, loving Milly was their idol. If their mother would have permitted it, they would have had her amongst them every day, and all day long; but Mrs. William was always ready with an excuse to prevent her going amongst them; and they delighted to tease their aunt by showing her every possible preference over her own pet, Jane.

As the families advanced in age, new opportunities for difference and mutual censure arose. The four "Misses Bolton" of the priory—I should have said before that, some years previously, James had purchased a house and garden in the outskirts of the town which bore that dignified epithet, though the new mansion, built on the site of an old monastic ruin, had as much resemblance to a priory as a county jail—the four Misses Bolton were all dressy, showy girls, inclined to be gay, and often as circumstances would permit enjoying a ball, enraptured with a picnic, and flirting merrily when opportunity offered. Mrs. William did not allow dangles at her house; and when young gentlemen came there, it was not to sit by her daughters' work-table, or hang over their harp; they came to dinner or tea, and saw the young ladies only in her presence. Some girls might have felt this as a restraint, but Mrs. William's daughters did not. Jane had been so completely trained in her mother's way, and so thoroughly inherited her spirit, that she would have wished no other arrangement, had a choice been allowed her; and besides that Millicent would never have dreamt of a rebellious thought, her heart was so far preoccupied by an unconscious love of her cousin, Charles Bolton, the eldest of the Priory flock, that she cared very little for any other. Her cousin Sophia was her chief friend; a circumstance causing a good deal of annoyance to Mrs. William, who, however, strove to counteract the influence of "that giddy Sophia" by keeping Milly as much as possible away, and never allowing her to join in the parties which included her cousins when she could prevent it. She saw nothing of Milly's innocent attachment to Charles, for Charles did not like his aunt, and seldom visited her; but she was by no means blind to that which her own son Henry had formed suddenly and unexpectedly for Sophia. Henry had been absent from home except at short intervals; and having completed his college course, came home, as it seemed to Mrs. William, just to fall in love with Sophia, whom, of all the four Boltons, she disliked the most; but the young man was headstrong, and she knew too well the danger of open opposition to his will. She contented herself with making little cutting remarks, and passing censure on Sophia whenever opportunity offered; a course of conduct which sometimes elicited a laugh from her dutiful son when he was in a good humor—when in an ill



humor, a surly contradiction. Meanwhile Sophia, who delighted to tease her aunt, encouraged Henry's attentions on all occasions, still declining to enter into a positive engagement with him, on the grounds that she was aware his mother disliked her—that she was above forming a clandestine engagement—that she never would marry into a family where she was not a favorite, &c., adroitly managing at the same time to keep the young man in play, so that if nothing better should offer within a reasonable time, he would still be a *dernier ressort*. Though silent on the subject to her son, Mrs. William exercised no such restraint amongst the few chosen friends to whom we have before alluded, representing Sophia as an artful girl, who, under the guidance of a designing mother, (poor Mrs. James,) had entrapped the affections of her beloved son. She forgot, in the heat of her anger, that, all things considered, the match would be a pretty equal one—that Sophia would have a small fortune; that Henry's expectations were not so brilliant as to make him a peculiarly desirable match.

To Mrs. William's mingled delight and vexation she was soon delivered from her fears regarding her son; and she was annoyed at having to confess they were groundless. A coldness took place between the parties, arising in the attentions of a certain Mr. Aldred to Sophia; and at length her public engagement to him being announced, put an end to one source of Mrs. William's uneasiness. Mr. Aldred was neither very young nor very handsome, nor was he immensely rich; but as Sophia was five and twenty, and not strikingly handsome, and as no other eligible offer just now shone in the horizon, she, and her mother, and her sisters, agreed in full conclave that he might do, and Sophia accordingly became his wife. A very good, obedient wife she made, after all, to a somewhat exacting and fretful husband; but as he allowed her to dress as handsomely as she pleased, and, while he sometimes grumbled at her gayeties, did not prevent her entering into them, she, not being troubled by any very killing sensibilities, managed to get on with him quite as smoothly as she could have expected to do.

Meanwhile Jane Bolton had attracted the regards of a young man of good family, who had lately entered into partnership with her father; and as he was a great favorite with her mother, somewhat aristocratic in appearance, and exceedingly in love, the lady surrendered, on condition that two years should be permitted to elapse before they were married. "My daughter," said Mrs. William, "is not in such a hurry to make sure of her lover as certain young ladies she could name. She would not disgrace herself as some young ladies would do, by engaging themselves one month, and marrying the next." But just at this crisis a new turn was given to the attention of the family in all its branches, by the receipt of letters from abroad, which informed James and William Bolton that their brother Charles, who had resided in Spain from his boyhood, and having married the daughter of a resident English merchant who had settled

there, was dead, and that his widow and her only daughter intended to go to England early in the ensuing spring, that the latter might make the acquaintance of those relatives, to whose care she would naturally be consigned, should the decease of her mother, who was in delicate health, leave her otherwise unprotected. Letters of condolence and invitation were written, and despatched by both the family at the Priory and at William Bolton's; and it was already beginning to be matter of dispute and jealousy as to which invitation she would accept, or which family she would visit first, when an end was put to the controversy by the receipt of further letters from the widow, who, after warmly thanking her relatives for their kind invitations, declined them *in toto*. "If my friends will kindly exert themselves to procure me a small furnished house or comfortable lodgings, I shall be truly obliged to them; but as I feel that I shall have a better chance of securing their affections thus, than by becoming an inmate with either, I feel more at liberty to do as I please; and believe me, the habits of an invalid, to say nothing of those of a foreigner, do not add to the comforts of another person's establishment. I shall, on my arrival in London, which will be next month, wait there until I hear that such lodgings have been procured for me."

Here, again, was further cause for rivalry and disagreement. Aunt Helen had not appointed either branch of the family to act as her agents in the matter, but left it amongst them, thinking, doubtless, good easy woman, that all would unite in endeavoring to find out the most comfortable *locale* for her and her daughter. What heartburnings, what stifled bickerings, were occasioned by her omission! Mrs. William and Jane discovered spacious and airy lodgings; the very thing for the widow; so cheap too! The Priory misses hit on a love of a cottage half a mile beyond their own, the prettiest and sweetest place possible in summer, and with no disadvantages to *speak of*—a stagnant pond, a want of proper furniture, and so forth, excepted; these seeming to be but trifling drawbacks. In this emergency, fortunately, James and William did for once exert themselves—found a more eligible house than the young ladies, and jointly supplied what was wanting in furniture; and as the lady had declined their offered hospitalities, agreed to pay the rent between them, should it appear, on investigation, that the circumstances of the widow would render such attention acceptable.

The widow arrived in London; and her request that all would be assembled at her new home to receive her on a certain day, as she wished to make the acquaintance of all her husband's relatives at once, settled another delicate question of precedence, which had already begun to agitate the fair breasts of the contending parties. Even to the last moment the spirit of rivalry prevailed; both parties brought to the house certain necessary articles of provision; both went over all the rooms to see that nothing was omitted which ought to have been provided;

and neither would for one moment, or in one particular, trust to the other!

Mrs. Charles Bolton, or Aunt Helen, as we shall call the new-comer, was one of the most prepossessing and lovely beings that could well be imagined. She had been married at sixteen, and her present age was not more than six-and-thirty. Her exceedingly slight figure, fair skin, and blue eyes, made her appear still younger; and she looked far more like the sister than the mother of the beautiful girl who, in all the bloom of early womanhood, stood by her side. The deep mourning habits of the strangers, and the circumstance that dark hair and eyes predominated in the other members of the family, rendered them still more striking. Yet though no studied dress or attitude would have made them more picturesque, the Widow Bolton and her daughter were the least affected and the simplest of human beings. They had lived much alone, and were friends and companions from the hour of Madeline's birth; for Aunt Helen's own connections abroad were all either dead or dispersed. The gentle stranger, born of English parents, had little in common with the ladies of Spain; and in her husband and daughter Aunt Helen had found her world. She had read much, for she had undertaken, with some small assistance from masters, the education of her daughter herself; and teaching, had been herself taught. She dropt into the little world of her English relatives, with all their bickerings and jealousies, like a creature from another sphere, prepared to love them all; and yet so simple, so guileless, so free from prejudice, that she might have put them to shame, as the presence of an angel would have done. They could not differ about Aunt Helen. They had only to admire, and wonder, and love, both her and her gentle loving girl, whose blue eyes looked as if asking to love her. Wonderful to say, for at least six weeks after her arrival at W—, Aunt Helen gave no cause of offence to either party by any apparent preference for the other. The Priory misses, indeed, monopolized Madeline a good deal; but Mrs. William was charitable enough to say that Madeline was not in fault. "They had more idle time," she said, "than Jane; and a poor simple girl like Madeline was not likely to see what they were, so long as they flattered and were kind to her." She really *did* wonder, however, at her sister-in-law allowing Madeline to be out so much with them—girls who were always showing themselves in public walks, and laughing, and flirting. She would soon tell Helen her mind, if it were not that she dreaded to make mischief. "But never mind, she would find them out by and by." "I wonder," quoth Mrs. James, "how my sister-in-law can find pleasure in having that disagreeable Jane there so often? Clever, indeed! Well, I suppose Jane is clever; but Helen is so well-informed herself, I should not think Jane could teach her much!"

Twelve months passed by; and by the end of that time the widow's eyes were opened, not to find out the peculiar faults of each party, but to see and

wonder at the ill feeling that, without any real cause, existed between them.

"My dear Mary," said she to the second hope of the Priory, exalted by her sister's marriage to the title of *Miss Bolton*—"my dear Mary, why do you speak so slightly of dear Jane? And I cannot think you treat your Aunt William with all the respect due to her from her relationship. Excuse me speaking of these things—there is evidently something wrong amongst you. As a relation, and a truly interested friend, may I inquire the cause?"

"Oh, Mrs. William and her family know best; we have never given them any cause of offence. But mamma says, from the time of her marriage, Aunt William never seemed to be fond of her; and I suppose, for that reason, mamma did not like her. We never were favorites with her from childhood; and I do not see why *we* are to *submit to be trampled on!*"

"Nor I either; but I do not find that there has been any attempt to trample on you. Pray, my dear, did you or yours ever attempt to conciliate your aunt and cousins?—did you ever pass small slights? Strive not to be apt to imagine offences; and if offences were really offered, strive to return good for evil."

Mary reddened; but she made no reply for some moments. At length she said, "I am sure we have done as much to conciliate my aunt and Jane as they could expect—more than they ever did for us."

"Perhaps so, my dear; but one person doing wrong is no reason why another should do so also. I have for some time past been making my observations on what has been passing around me; and with sorrow I have seen the disunion of tempers existing amongst the members of my beloved husband's family. I do not say that your coldness of feeling amounts to hatred—God forbid! I am sure if either family were ill, or in deep affliction, all this outer current of ill-will would give way, petty bickerings be forgotten, and the kindest aid and sympathy be given and received."

"Jane, my dear girl," said Aunt Helen a few days afterwards to her elder niece, "why do you so obstinately refuse to join the Priory party to Eldwood? It cannot be that you have any objection to a water party, because you went to Forley with the Benfields the other day; yet when Helen invited you, you coldly declined."

"I don't care about going," said she, bridling up. "I don't care to go, except with one or two chosen friends like the Benfields. I don't see why I should put myself out of the way to go with people who don't want my company, and who only ask me, I do think, that they may take offence at my refusing."

"Then why refuse? If I were in your position, I would put myself very much out of the way, if necessary, to accept the invitation."

"What! when I know they would rather be without me?"

"But, Jane, it is in your own power to make them rather be *with* you. Why, dearest, in the society

of your nearest relatives, are you so constrained, so cold, so silent? I can bear witness that you can be the most agreeable companion when you choose; you have stores of knowledge; you have natural wit; you have powers of pleasing and amusing which need only be exerted to make you as desired as you could wish. Go to this party; fling off constraint and hauteur; be natural; be willing to please; and, above all, instead of taking offence, be blind to any real or imagined affront that you may think you perceive. Do this once or twice, and, believe me, the effect will be magical."

"But, my dear Aunt Helen, do you not see it would be useless! Do you not see that my cousins hate me?"

"You are mistaken, Jane; they are only annoyed by your evident disdain, and naturally so; still I do not bear them harmless. *There are faults on both sides*; and I never knew quarrels, disputes, or coldness yet in which, on investigation, such did not appear to be the case." But Jane would not promise to go to Eldwood, and the Priory party would not ask her again.

"Let her promise you, Aunt Helen, that the invitation shall be accepted, and it shall be given," said they.

"Let them ask me, and then they will have my answer," said Jane. So, for want of a little concession on either side—for Jane had half resolved she would go to Eldwood if the second invitation were so worded as to please her—the opportunity was lost, and Jane said to her Aunt Helen, "You see they did not want me; they would not ask me again for fear I should accept."

"Nay, Jane, for fear you should refuse," said her aunt. But Jane shook her head, and was incredulous.

By this time Aunt Helen's visit had extended to double the term she had originally intended, and her medical attendant advised her to return to Lisbon, at least for the winter, as a second sojourn in

England during the cold weather would be likely to prove exceedingly injurious to her health. But before she went, she made a last effort to promote harmonious understanding amongst them all. She invited them to a farewell dinner in her cottage, and they could not refuse to meet there on so peculiar an occasion. Marvellously civil were all the guests to each other during that evening; but still Aunt Helen saw, with deep regret, that her presence and the occasion of their meeting were the only causes of this cessation of covert hostilities. Even then, Mrs. James was secretly sneering at Mrs. William's plain black dress, and Mrs. William thought in her heart that, at Mrs. James' time of life, a cap with a plainer trimming than pink satin and blush roses would be more becoming.

I need hardly pursue my story further; still I am conscious that it wants that charm to most readers of such tales—a catastrophe. However, I may add, in conclusion, that my picture has been drawn from life, and that my object in thus tracing it has been more for instruction than amusement. These little daily feelings of unpleasantness, these chains of ill-natured feeling, are frequently far harder to be overcome than a downright quarrel with a good, palpable origin. In the one case there are so many small offences, so many trifling annoyances to be unremembered and forgiven, so many perpetually-recurring temptations to vex the easily offended, that before we can so far overcome ourselves, there must of necessity be a severe self-scrutiny—a veiling of pride, combined with a real wish to be at peace and live in harmony with all—a yielding and forgiving spirit on our part, before this can be accomplished. That such a line of conduct is as much our interest as our duty, must be evident to all who will consider the subject in its true light, and particularly in all such cases where the offence is one so palpably unnatural, and where the faults are so plainly on both sides.

**THE ADVERSITY OF HONOR.**—In a small, neat, comfortable room sat the ruined family. The old man was reading, or thought he read. In a few weeks, the snow had come down upon his head with a heavy fall. In a few weeks, his cheeks were lined and lengthened. He had been held—so ruthlessly held—face to face with misery, that his smile, that was as constant as the red in his cheek, had well nigh vanished. Now and then, as he exchanged looks with his daughter, it glimmered a little; played about his mouth, to leave it only in utter blankness. Still he went on reading; still he turned page after page; and believed that he was laying in a stock of knowledge for his future life. For he had again—he would tell his daughter with a bright look—he had again to begin the world. Hard beginning! Dreary voyage, with neither youth to fight the storm, nor the hope of youth to while away the long, dark, dreary watch—to sing the daylight in. But this he would not think of. At least he thought he would not. He felt himself as strong as ever; yes, even stronger. He could not have hoped to have borne the blow so well. He was never better; never. His glorious health was left him; and, therefore, why despair?

In this way will the brain of the stout man cheat itself. It will feel whole, and strong; and for the viler cracks and flaws, they are not to be heeded. Mere trifles. And then some day, some calm and sunny time, that peace has seemed to choose for itself, for a soft, sweet pause—with the tyrant-brain secure and all vain-glorious—the trifle kills. In this way do strong men die upwards. Gilbert Carraways was, at our first meeting, set about by all the creature delights of life. He was the lord of abundance. The man who had nothing to do with want and misery, but to exercise the noblest prerogative of happy humanity—namely, to destroy them wheresoever he found them preying upon his fellows. Wealth was gone. He was a beggar; but in his poverty were thoughts that might glorify his fire-side. He had used his means for good; and, at least, might feel enriched by the harvest of his recollections. With his face anxious, lengthened, and dim, there was a dignity in the old man that we do not think we ever recognized at the hall. For he had to bear a load of misery; and he sat erect, and with his spirit conquering, looked serenely about him.—*Jerrold's Man of Money.*



## THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

THE German Parliament is making the same mistake that the French Chamber of Deputies made from 1840 to 1845. That period was one in which the constitutional liberties and development of the country ought to have been secured, and a government formed to embody and perfect an enlightened system of domestic rule. The French chamber did not cast a thought upon such a necessity; but was merely anxious for honor, glory, strength, military and naval preponderance. A great portion of the Germans, too, are thinking more of the grandeur and extent, than of the good constitution of the empire. "Let us take in Austria at any hazard," they cry. "But Austria," it is observed, "will not admit of any liberal or constitutional system of government. You cannot force her to it. Whereas, if you admit her into the new German confederation, she will force that confederation to be absolutist, as she did before. Is it not far better to combine with Prussia, and let her and Central and Southern Germany make one, on the principles of political, religious, and commercial freedom? These, once established, the German provinces of Austria will soon come round to our league."

Such are the views of Baron Von Gagern; and in pursuance of such he recommends the election of the King of Prussia as hereditary emperor. He is opposed by the honor-and-glory party, by the ultra-Catholic party, by the aristocracy, and principocracy, and, of course, by the Austrians. But he is gradually triumphing over all, and has already carried two important points—first, that the new emperor shall be chosen from amongst the reigning princes; secondly, that he shall be hereditary emperor.

A great deal of eloquence is shown on both sides. Baron Vincke on the Prussian side, and Von Gagern himself, Schmerling on the side of Austria, Simon and Venedey on the part of the Left, have distinguished themselves. The professors are all for Prussia. One of the most remarkable speeches was that of Weber, from the Tyrol. It was fine, caustic, philosophic; such as might have proceeded from a veteran of the most cultivated centre of civilization. And in truth the Austrian party have shown as much power of intelligence as the Viennese displayed courage. Austria may be turned out of the new empire, but it is certainly not for want of German talent and cultivation.

But the question remains whether the King of Prussia will accept the proffered crown of the empire. There can be no doubt of his being, and having ever been, most desirous of it. But however ultimately a source of strength to his dynasty, it would at first be a cause of weakness. It could not but break the link between Prussia and Austria, and whatever party in Germany might be adopted by the one, the other would infallibly protect the antagonist party. Indeed, one great hope of the German liberals would seem to be, that, if

persecuted by Prussia, they will find support from the unscrupulous statesmen of Austria. Even now, the Left of the German parliament votes with the Austrians, who shot Blum. On the other hand, if the King of Prussia should come forth frankly constitutional, the absolutists will more readily and naturally find support in Vienna.

And yet, if the Austrian monarchy preserve its present tendencies, and comes to lean more and more on its Slavonian population and soldiers, it would be an idle attempt on its part to seek to preserve its ancient hold over Western Germany. Formerly race and language were little, the power and prestige of a dynasty were everything, and the Germanism of the House of Hapsburg ensured the Germanism of its empire. Now such relations are changed. There is not a German general, and scarcely a German statesman, in authority in Austria. Radetzki is a Hungarian, Windischgrätz a Bohemian; and we need not say how little in harmony with the ideas and principles of any really German people or politicians are those prevailing, and likely to prevail, at the court of Vienna. The Emperor Francis Joseph may not indeed at first reconcile himself to become a Slavonian, and cease to be a German potentate; but the course of events will do this for him. The House of Austria has always been eminently fatalist, taking fortune as it comes, and abiding by its behests.—*Examiner*, 27 Jan.

FRANCE is tranquil, on the surface almost as dead as England; though the heart still beats with anxiety for the next turn of events, and with hopes for the gifts of the year 1849. The election of M. Boulay to be vice-president of the republic only shows that the expiring Assembly has fallen in with the Bonapartist spirit of the day; M. Boulay being distinguished solely by his attachment to the imperial family. It is on no internal movement that the eye of anxiety is fixed, just at the moment, but on the combination of events which may compel or supersede a French intervention in Italy. The prevailing desire is to avoid such intervention; but that it comes strictly within the bounds of possibility, if not probability, is attested by the joint fact, that the French government is as disinclined to it as any party, and yet is obliged to keep in a state of preparation for it. The result will be influenced by the relative successes of parties in Italy, by the spirit which may eventually guide the movements of Austria, and by the success or failure of an intervention party in France itself; a party of no great consideration, but active, unscrupulous, and watching to use any pretext. Peace would be the blessing for Europe; but peace is the endowment of the wise, and neither Rome nor Naples, Olmütz nor Paris, is yet insured against the reign of folly.—*Spectator*, 27 Jan.

## ITALY.

STATE OF FEELING AND OPINION IN ROME.—We have permission to use the following extract

from a letter addressed to Mr. Landor by a well-informed English resident in Florence:—

Well, here we are with the pope unmasked at last. He refused to excommunicate the assassins, thieves, and sacrilegious ruffians in Lombardy, and he has bestowed it on his own subjects, after abandoning them, because they went to resist the Croats! And now let me warn you against all the falsehoods which fill the English newspapers. They are often written with mock professions of liberalism, but are the more injurious on that account, for the aim is entirely mischievous. The truth is concealed or misrepresented. The writer of the \* \* \* was here, and insulted for a spy; but in fact he is much worse. Spies do tell the truth to their employers, but he either tells the contrary, or his editors distort it for him in their paper. They are most likely in the pay of the Jesuits, for they are of their school—nine tenths of calumny mixed up with one tenth of cant, which latter ingredient is so much in favor in England that the whole dose is bolted without difficulty. A peer, who has formerly been ambassador in Russia, wrote to me not long ago that we had a radical pope who preached anarchy! So much for diplomatists and legislators. They know absolutely nothing in England. So far from it, Pio IX. never made one single generous step towards reform, (name it, which!) all was extorted from him by the people in spite of resistance; and they thanked him always, and used his name as a word of war without his consent and against his will. Now it is all over. His busts and portraits have disappeared in every house and shop, and the people of Leghorn have printed a counter anathema and malediction; the writers of Florence are calling for the Bible in Italian, and wives for the priests, and the papers and press in general have become nearly Protestant. I wish you could see the "Alba," "Constituente," "Lampione," "Corriere Livornese," "Arlecchino," "Calabrone," "Chiarivari," &c. I believe there are above twenty newspapers in Florence, two or three of which are called moderate, but all against Austria. Your articles in the "Examiner" are so pithy in style and matter that they ought to be collected. I see the French Jesuits are already attacking the university with success. In this case the cant is *liberté de l'enseignement*. France is going back beyond Louis Philippe. We get all the French papers here, and our own press is unrestrained. Our ministry are liberal and the country quiet, but we expect a reaction against them in the chambers, and if they are driven out there will be a rising for one chamber and extended suffrage. Both houses are very badly constituted—mostly old courtiers.

From the Examiner.

#### INDIAN GLORY AND EMBARRASSMENT.

A VERY dull member of parliament having stammered through a marvellously stupid speech, was heard, as he reseated himself, to ejaculate, "*Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed tuo nomini gloria detur.*" Committing the same sort of mistake, Lord Gough commences an account of his most unsatisfactory operations with an assignment of their mighty success to the special pleasure of Providence. *Non nobis, non nobis*, "it has pleased Almighty God to vouchsafe to the British arms the most successful issue to the extensive combinations rendered necessary for the purpose

of effecting the passage of the Chenab, the defeat and dispersion of the Sikh force under the insurgent Rajah Shere Singh, and the numerous Sikh Sirdars who had the temerity to set at defiance the British power."

So solemn and devout an exordium as this, borrowed from Nelson, prepared the public for a victory as decisive as the one the naval hero so eloquently attributed to the blessing of Providence; but sad indeed is the discrepancy between the swelling introduction and the upshot of the intelligence, which is simply that the enemy has got away unscathed, after mauling our troops grievously in a skirmish, and that the general has crossed the Chenab! So, in Scott's *Old Mortality*, old Mawse Headrigg exclaims, "By the help of the Lord I've leapt over the ditch."

On the 22d of November, Lord Gough commenced his operations with a movement, the professed object of which was to ascertain the enemy's strength, in which the general succeeded to the perfection of getting it proved over much in something exceedingly like a beating. But mark you, as the design was to find the enemy's strength, the discovery that he was too strong was all in the scope and aim of the strategy. So if you want to know whether or not a wall is before you, what more decisive means are there of ascertaining the fact than running your head vigorously against it? and when you rise after the collision, you say, "Ay, that is precisely what I wanted to know." Or if you wish to know whether another man is as strong as you, you go up to him and slap his face; and on his knocking you down, you rise up complacently saying, "Now I am satisfied; I have learnt what I desired."

So Lord Gough despatched a party to reconnoitre the Sikh force, which, not observing Bailie Nicol Jarvie's rule, not to put the arm further in than it can be drawn back again, got a gun embedded in sand, and were obliged to abandon it, and afterwards allowed themselves to be drawn into a snare by the hackneyed stratagem of a feigned flight, which drew them into a gully swept by the fire of great guns and musketry, where three excellent officers fell mortally wounded.

The Sikhs are taunted with having made a trophy of the abandoned gun, the spiking of which is argued to divest the capture of it of any honor. At the battle of the Sutlej, however, on the other hand, the capture of a single gun by two of our regiments was made a matter of great glorification. As for the spiking, it only renders the gun unserviceable for the moment; and we cannot see how it in any way affects the indication of the capture, analogous to that of a standard. Curious it is to note how we plaster over our own sore places with smooth phrases, while we rasp those of our enemies with the roughest files of language. The foe flies, but not so our men, we do not even retreat, but are "withdrawn from fire."

From the 22d of November to the 1st of December nothing was done to retrieve the *prestige* of our arms, and the Sikhs were left to enjoy their

triumph over the capture of the gun, notwithstanding the spike which might or should have made it no triumph at all, and over the slaughter of the brave General Cureton, Colonel Havelock, and Captain Fitzgerald. A force was then despatched to cross the river at some distance from the enemy's camp, and to operate as a diversion on their flank, Lord Gough occupying them with a demonstration in front. This detached corps, under General Thackwell, was directed to ford the river at a spot deemed practicable by Lord Gough, but see how matters were planned and executed. His lordship says :

On the night of the 30th of November this officer (General Thackwell) moved up the river in light marching order, without tents and with three days' provisions, upon a *ford which I had every reason to consider very practicable, (and which I have since ascertained was so,)* but which the major-general deemed so difficult and dangerous that he proceeded (as he was instructed should such turn out to be the case) to Wuzeerabad, a town *twenty-two miles up the river*, where Lieut. Nicholson, a most energetic assistant to the resident at Lahore, had secured sixteen boats, with the aid of which this force effected the passage on the evening of the 1st and morning of the 2d inst.

This march, prolonged beyond the calculation of Lord Gough, was not without its consequences ; for when the detached force had fallen in with the enemy and routed them, such was the exhaustion of the men and cattle that they were unable to follow up the success, and in the night the enemy quietly decamped. So in Knickerbocker's *New York* we read of a very prudent Dutchman who having to take a leap, fetched a circuit for a good run at it, and took his measures so well that when he arrived at the brink of the ditch, he was so spent and exhausted as to sink to the ground instead of springing over it.

The next morning Lord Gough looked for the victory he was about to reap, and, to his surprise and grief, found that the enemy had not the complaisance to wait for his crowning operations, and had not only taken themselves off, but their guns and baggage with them ; if, as Lord Gough is inclined to suspect, they have not shabbily concealed their artillery, and perhaps spiked them to deprive the captors of triumph.

Lord Gough's extensive combinations, with the result seen, remind us of the well-digested plans for catching birds by putting salt on their tails. The salt-box was all ready, but the bird took wing in the night.

The intended diversion did too much by half on one side of the river, and Lord Gough did too little by half on the other side.

Hierocles tells us of a wiseacre who, seeing a flock of birds on a tree, shook the tree, thinking that they would fall down like fruit, and was mightily amazed when he saw them soar away upwards. Lord Gough's diversion by General Thackwell was shaking the tree with a like success.

Much do we fear that the precipitate retreat is

but another feint on a larger scale like that in the gully of Ramnuggur. Lord Gough is no match for a crafty foe. That the army will fight itself out of any difficulties or disadvantages in which it may be placed, we have no doubt ; but it is hard that its valor should be so overtaxed, and its blood unnecessarily lavished. When Lord Gough's part in the Sutlej campaign was so disproportionately extolled and rewarded, we did not shrink from stating the truth, that in all military circles there was but one opinion of the conduct of the campaign, and that it was regretted that so important a command was given to Sir H. Gough, whose sole quality is consummate bravery. The mistake is now obvious and generally admitted, for Lord Gough has not had by his side "a little Harry" to cover and carry off the errors of his generalship in a halo of sentimentality.

But let us take a more general view of the state of things, disappointed expectations and present prospects.

A well-provisioned army of from 20,000 to 30,000 Sikhs, with eight and thirty guns, and ably commanded, manœuvring in the very centre of the Punjaub, was what the despatches of Lord Hardinge and his successors had in no respect prepared us for. The resistance of Moultan in the south, an insurrection of the Hazareh in the north, were events, untoward indeed, but not beyond the range of expectation. But that the Sikh army and its guns should so soon resuscitate, after the four defeats upon the Sutlej, was what no one anticipated.

And yet we very much doubt whether the general uprising and resistance are to be attributed to any deep laid plot. We humbled the feudal aristocracy of the Punjaub, but we kindly left them their properties, and their holdings, with full authority over their military retainers. In fact, we left them in perfect war-readiness and equipment. Discontented they could not but be, and the only way to have kept them down was to have precluded them of all hope of a successful rising.

Such an outbreak as that of Moultan ought to have been instantly put down. The disaster might have been known as inevitably leading to present results. But the climate of India often renders celerity and instant action impracticable. And the greatest military authorities are divided as to whether the march upon Moultan should have been immediate or deferred.

This time the Sikhs were too well taught to cross a river, or to place their artillery on the same side with us. But the army being entrenched on one bank, an island in front served as a redoubt, at once to provoke us to an assault, and to punish us for the daring. We fell into the trap ; advanced, before any heavy guns had come up to cope with our old antagonists the Sikh artillerymen ; and, as if to make bad worse, it was with cavalry that we attempted to charge their batteries, and overcome those impediments of ground and river passage, which would have required a regu-



lar infantry column of attack, well supported by guns, with men and means well chosen, and with every other appurtenance. In fact, the English played at Rannugger the part that the Sikhs played in former battles with us, viz., attacked rashly, and got severely punished.

It is rather surprising, that with such a large military staff so long stationed at Lahore, the course and nature of the Chenab in its vicinity should have been so little studied or known. Yet the great road, going northwards from Lahore, passes Wuzerabad, from which down to Rannugger was the scene of the present operations. The Sikhs, however, knew all the ground and the fords, whilst we evidently knew nothing. The different knowledge of the country and the stream proved worth a victory to the Sikhs, and baffled us even in our success. None of our columns could pass at the hour and place appointed. And when they did pass, and had marched round so as to allow the main army to pass, the Sikhs and their guns were gone. And this, forsooth, is what Lord Gough calls a victory! It is to be hoped that we may be spared any more of the same kind. But one thing, at least, is certain, that we shall gain no more victories like Sobraon and Aliwa. The Sikhs know us. They will no longer measure swords or cross bayonets, neither will they think their artillery safe from us if protected by an entrenchment. They will, therefore, choose the strongest positions, and take us at every disadvantage.

In the north country we have been beaten, or rather, indeed, we had no force capable of making resistance. Major Lawrence is a prisoner, and Captain Abbott probably has shared his fate. General Whish will by this time have battered down the mud walls of Moulton. But Moolraj will have betaken himself to the open field, and swelled the army of Chutter Singh. The termination of the war depends upon bringing these Singhs to action, a matter that may not be found easy.

Whilst thus embarrassed with the southern Sikhs, how should it fare with us if Gholab Singh, the ruler of the hill country, falls off from his allegiance? He has a body of men in the Hazareh, who are acting merely as a corps of "observation," and confining their duties to simple observation. They have given no aid to Lawrence or to Abbott. How will it be if their neutrality should lapse into enmity, if they should declare against us, sweep the Hazareh, and march down upon Lahore? In that case our fifty thousand men would no more than suffice to make head against a foe which seems even more formidable after defeat than in the first burst of hostile defiance.

People are discussing what to do with the Punjaub. We should think it would be advisable to catch the hare first. And when it is caught, and we fear it will be found more like the wolf by the ears than the hare, we do not see to whom we could entrust the keeping of it. The Sirdars seem one and all to have fallen off. The national current is too strong against adherence to the British

power. And it is becoming pretty evident that between the two alternatives of giving back the Punjaub to the Sikh chiefs and soldiers, or occupying it with our own, there is no choice left.

The difficulty, indeed, it is plain, lies less in the conduct and completion of the war, than in the mode of dealing with the Sikhs after it. What is to be done with them? Is Duleep still to be the Maharajah, or would it be possible to foresee a time when the troops might safely withdraw and leave him upon the throne, surrounded by his Sirdars? Either to continue to reign through his name or to dethrone him, will prove alternatives of great difficulty and danger. If Goolab be left in possession of the larger territory, whilst the Sikhs are dispossessed or banished from the lower Punjaub, they will all flock to him, consider him as the last champion of their race, and impel him to war with us sooner or later.

These are serious questions for Lord Dalhousie, more serious, we repeat, than the humbling of Moolraj and the coming up with Chutter. The settlement of this question will come on in full parliament, with an opposition much animated and informed on the subject of India by Mr. Bright's committee of last year. And it is much to be feared, or at least expected, that as Hastings' trial led to the subsequent invasion of Leadenhall street by Fox, so the cotton and railroad and finance committees upon India will make another vigorous onslaught upon the remaining power and policy of the old company.

Even as it is, Lord Dalhousie's economical plan must be completely deranged; and should the Sikhs make any protracted or successful resistance, the result, in the embarrassment of Indian finance, will be felt during the entire of Lord Dalhousie's governor-generalship. Lord Ellenborough and Lord Hardinge covered their financial deficits with laurels. As each day elapses, however, the British public seem less inclined to accept this *salvo* for increased debt and taxation. The India House must look to it.

TAKING its turn among contumacious colonies, Jamaica is gradually assuming a tone that ought to create uneasiness in Downing street. The Legislative Assembly finds itself in a position the most exasperating. Half inclined to "stop the supplies," as a means of forcing on the colonial office a more respectful attention to colonial interests, the Assembly yet hesitated in that extreme step, and resolved upon a compromise—to grant the customary taxes for a shorter time than usual. After a bill to that effect had passed, fixing "February" as the term, the document went through the hands of the engrosser to the Legislative Council; but in its new form it appears with the word "December." The council passes it in a hurry; and when, the mistake being detected, the governor is asked whether he shall take advantage of the clerical error, he puts off an answer. The Assembly is angry, and refuses to proceed with business. It cannot, however, be for a moment supposed that

Lord Grey will suffer any such pettifogging advantage to be taken of the colonial parliament.

We hazard that presumption in spite of what we observe in Ceylon. That colony has received a full ratification of the Torrington régime, in Lord Grey's unqualified approval of the governor, his policy and conduct. The colonists and Lord Grey, it seems, are diametrically opposed in their opinions as to the government of the island; but as Lord Grey rules in Downing street, Ceylon must endure its governor for a time.

ACCOUNTS from the Western coast of Africa give ever-strengthening confirmation to the opinion that the blockade must be abandoned; the slave-traders display increasing activity, and snatch multiplied successes in spite of the squadron. There is an expense which Mr. Cobden may strike off with scarcely a regret; except a groan from the heart of good Lord Denman—who assuredly is “no judge”—and an official tear over abandoned treaties from the tender eye of Viscount Palmerston.—*Spectator*.

From the Examiner, 27 Jan.

#### THE MURDER OF GENERAL BRÉA.

WE gave some particulars last week of this bloody memento of the insurrection of June, and now add what since transpired during the trial at present going on. One of the prisoners, named Choppart, a member of the Club des Droits de l'Homme, and a partisan of Raspail, gave evidence to the following effect:—He was with the insurgents, but did all that he could to prevent acts of atrocity. He indignantly denied, as stated by some witnesses, that he had taken part in the assassination of the general. He admitted having fought in the insurrection, but complained strongly of the insurgents of the Barrière de Fontainebleau as drunkards and pillagers. “I did not wish to remain at the barrier,” he said, “because they do not fight there, but drink, compelling the marchands de vin to give them wine for nothing; and they also commit incendiarism. I do not understand things in that way. I fought fairly, under the influence of generous sentiments. I may have been wrong in your opinion, but I believe that the democratic and social republic would cause the happiness of the people, and I defended it; but I did so courageously, and I consider that the men who assassinated General de Bréa are base cowards!” (This caused a prolonged sensation.) He added that he had saved the life of M. Larabit, a representative of the people, and declared that so far from murdering or even insulting the general, he had protected him. He expressed regret that he had not committed suicide, like a friend of his, as he would not then be accused of a crime which he had endeavored to prevent. But nearly all the other prisoners were hardened reprobates, who tried to shuffle off upon others the crime in which they had evidently shared. At last came the principal witness, M. Desmarest, and his appearance

in the witness-box created great sensation. He had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel of the 4th regiment, in consequence of his conduct at the Barrier Fontainebleau. M. Desmarest deposed as follows:—On Sunday morning, at ten o'clock, we left the Panthéon. When our column, after having followed the boulevards from the Barrier St. Jaques, arrived at the Barrier Fontainebleau, the rond-pont was deserted and barricaded. The railing was barricaded nearly to the top. The only passage was by a little door, of which the key was inside the barrier. I was worn out with the fatigue of the preceding days. I could scarcely speak—still less command. I gave the command of the battalion to the senior captain, and remained with the general, in such a manner as to be able to direct the movements of the column, and transmit the orders which the general might give me. General de Bréa, Colonel Thomas, M. de Ludre, representative of the people, and M. Gobert, entered the rond-pont. M. Gobert showed great devotedness; he always went first to ascertain the dispositions of the insurgents. On retiring from the rond-pont he said to M. de Ludre, “I recommend you not to parley with the insurgents—they are too badly disposed.” The brave General de Bréa, who had had success at other barriers, and who had everywhere seen the insurgents lay aside their arms when he read to them the decree of the national assembly, according them three millions, thought he would be as fortunate on this occasion. He advanced towards them, and believed those who said to him from the interior of the railing, “Enter. enter!” “Will you go in?” said the general to M. de Ludre. “No, indeed,” answered the latter. The general then advanced. Some insurgents came to him, took him by the hand, and said, “Come: no harm shall be done to you!” He followed them, and M. Surgeot went with him. I said to M. Gobert and M. Mangin, “What! shall we allow a general to go alone? That is quite contrary to military rules.” We then advanced, and to each one of us the door of which I have spoken was opened and closed. One of our drummers, who was drunk, entered with us. He was immediately seized, deprived of his uniform, clothed in a blouse, and ordered to beat the *générale*. Immediately all the wine shops were deserted by the people who had been in them drinking, and the moment after I was surrounded by a menacing crowd. I do not know this drummer, but he belongs to the 24th regiment. When I was thus surrounded, the insurgents said, “Come in, and nothing shall happen to you. What do you require?” I replied, “I do not come to parley, but there is a representative with a decree granting three millions to the working people, who comes to read it to you, as he has already done at other barriers.” Upon this Gauthron came up, and surveying me from head to foot, said, “You are a mobile!” I replied, “I am not.” He thereupon cried, “To death with him! He is a traitor!” This cry passed from mouth to mouth, and there would have been

an end of me had not MM. Dumont and Gerard taken me by the arm, saying, "We will save you, or at least do all in our power to do so!" In the twinkling of an eye I was degraded. Gauthron tore off one of my epaulettes, and another man the other epaulette; a third tore my tunic into tatters; my shako was knocked off with blows of the fist; attempts were made to deprive me of my sword, but I resisted, and struggled with one man, who wished to prevent me from breaking it across my knee. But it was at last wrenched from me. It was near Penhouel's house that this passed. I was taken into the room behind the shop, where a glass of water was given to me. I was much agitated, as you may conceive. I thought of my wife and children, and tears moistened my eyes. (This produced great emotion in the court.) M. Dumont spoke to me, saying, "Have courage; we are going to try to save you. We must go to the guard-house." The passage thither was painful. Nuens grasped me by the arm, placed himself on my right hand with his musket, and thus escorted us to the guard-house. I am persuaded that he did not take me there for protection, but that I might be the more certainly shot. I was constantly surrounded by the insurgents, who repeatedly threatened to shoot me, crying, "To death with him! to death!" Gauthron, who had no arms, attempted to fell me with a paving-stone, and if I had fallen I should have been pierced with a thousand bayonets. It was M. Dumont who saved my life. There was a little old man, with plump and rosy cheeks, who wished to shoot me in a bye street, but thanks to M. Dumont, who claimed me as his prisoner, and said he would be answerable for me, I reached the guard-house, where the national guard protected me. M. Renault, the captain, said, "He is a brave officer, who comes with words of peace, and ought to be respected." Upon this, cries of "No assassination—no death!" were uttered, and I remained for a short time under the protection of the national guards. But soon after the post was invaded, and Nuens became highly excited. In coming, I received a blow on the loins with the butt-end of a musket, which M. Dumont told me was given by Lahr. On the way, my washerwoman seeing me, went down on her knees to those who held me, and cried—"Mercy! mercy! he is the father of a family—do him no harm!" The furious men replied—"We are also fathers of families! To death with him! to death!" Nuens, on invading the post, struck the table with his musket, and cried, "There must be an end of this! To death with him!" Cries which he repeated to the people outside. I was then required to send orders to my battalion to lay down their arms. I replied—"If that is what you wish me to do, fire upon me, for I will never give such an order!" The cries redoubled, and the general was brought in with MM. Mangin and Gobert. He sat down at the table with M. Mangin on his left, and next to him M. Gobert, by whose side I placed myself. One of the insurgents seized the general by the throat, and wanted

his sword; he refused, repeatedly saying—"I will never dishonor myself, I would rather be shot." I drank with the insurgents. I endeavored to enter into conversation with some Germans who were there, because my wife is from Strasbourg, but there were none from that town. The general was also thirsty, and asked for something to drink, but refused to take the glass they had been using, which they offered to him, preferring to drink out of the canteen. I was seated near the window, when some one said to me, with a certain degree of mystery, "Citizen, take care of the window!" but where the voice came from I could not tell. I rose and seated myself on a camp bed. Immediately afterwards I heard a woman's voice outside crying, "Here comes the mobile! We must finish!" Musket-shots resounded in the guard-house. I was by the side of M. Gobert, who, I am bound to say, showed great courage on this occasion. Shots were fired. The general fell with his head on the table, and M. Mangin was struck down. The poor young man rose again for a moment on his feet, and clasping his head with his hands, fell dead, uttering a last cry of agony and despair! (Agitation in the court.) An appalling silence followed this detonation; a second came from the door and the windows. I then saw a man enter the post, strike the bodies of the general and M. Mangin with the butt end of his musket, and then go out, saying, "They are dead." I said to myself, "He forgets me, no doubt, but my turn will come." (Sensation.) Shortly after, M. Dumont and M. Veille appeared on the threshold of the guard-house. I threw myself into the arms of Dumont, but the cries recommenced, and the insurgents again wanted to kill me. If they did not do it it was because they were afraid to fire upon their own people. I pressed myself against M. Dumont and M. Veille. I heard some one say, "Leave him, he has had enough!" "You are right," said another, and I was enabled to get away. M. Dumont had been to seek a blouse to disguise me. I threw away my stock, and all that might have caused me to be recognized, and put on the blouse. At that moment some one pressed me tightly by the throat. At length I was taken to M. Dumont's. My moustaches were shaved off, and by the aid of a ladder I succeeded in getting from garden to garden, until at length I got away from this place so dangerous to me. I immediately wrote to my wife and friends to assure them of my safety.

From the Spectator, 3 Feb.

#### THE COMING CHANGE IN ANTI-SLAVE-TRADE MOVEMENTS.

ECONOMY will now enforce those arguments that prove the utterly useless and mischievous character of the West African blockade, and signs are not wanting of the next turn which opinion on that subject is destined to take.

Lieutenant W. T. F. Jackson, who has just returned from the coast, promulgates through the col-



umns of the *Times* his clear and direct testimony to the futility of the attempt to keep down the slave-trade by a blockade or any other form of armed prevention.

Viewing the slave-traffic merely as an illicit trade, which government vessels have to suppress, it is a well-known axiom in our custom-house that any contraband trade yielding 30 per cent. cannot be stopped; for such is human nature, that individuals will always be found willing to risk the severest punishment for that amount of profit. Are the philanthropists in England aware of the profit of a single slave? The average price of a slave on the coast is a doubloon, or 3*l.* 8*s.*, supposing that a slave is paid for in coin instead of goods, which form generally the greatest part of the purchase—then there is profit on profit again. This slave, on being landed in the Brazils, is, since our blockade, worth from 50*l.* to 70*l.*, leaving a percentage, after all deductions of goods and agency, far, far above the custom-house standard. A few years ago, a slave-merchant made a considerable profit if one vessel in three landed her cargo. Now, owing to the large force we maintain on the coast, they have been able to raise their prices, so that if a merchant has six vessels on the venture, and one escapes, he is amply repaid. For this I have the authority of the slave-captains and the slave-factors themselves. I have been repeatedly told by the captains of slavers and the factors on shore, that if we gave up the blockade they must give up business. It is true, we have in some measure deterred the small trader, the petty trafficker in human flesh, from pursuing his avocations, because, perhaps, the capture of one or two ships might ruin him; but we have put the trade on a larger scale, and the great Rio traders carry on their business in a gigantic manner compared with their operations previous to the blockade.

Mr. Jackson suggests, that instead of throwing away three millions sterling a year on the blockade, we should increase our colonies and spread our influence among the African chiefs.

Formerly, during Governor Turner's time, we held the sovereignty from Sierra Leone to Gallinas; but, owing to some false economy, we withdrew our protection and lost our authority. I would rather hold up Liberia as an example to our government than offer my own remarks; the Americans have established a colony, and from that spread north and south from Cape Mount to Cape Palmas, between which places slavery is now hardly known. When we look upon this handful of people, unprotected by their own government, alone and unaided, and consider what they have done, I think we may well blush at the futility of our own efforts.

We find concurrent ideas in a different quarter; an intelligent writer in the *Morning Post* propounds a plan of economizing the expenditure of money and life, by more generally substituting African for European soldiers in the West Indies. He points to the fidelity and orderly conduct of the African troops, and to their successful employment in guarding several of our colonies, besides the extra-colonial trading settlement of Balize and the African colony of Sierra Leone; and he proposes to employ a similar force as a military constabulary in the West Indies, with a sort of landwehr formed out of the same materials. His plan is—

1. A concentration of the West India regiments on two stations, Jamaica and Barbadoes; withdrawing the detached portions on the coast of Africa, and raising a force especially for that colony.

2. An organized system of recruiting in Sierra Leone; first, by volunteering from the local regiments to the West India regiments; secondly, by careful selection of men in the emancipation-yard from captured cargoes of slaves.

3. A drafting of the older and steady soldiers from the West India regiments, after three to five years' service, into the island *constabularies*.

4. And, as their services ran out, placing these men on the roll-call of the island militia, and locating them in *districts* on crown lands, so as to be brought into active service on any emergency.

This plan is thrown out in conjunction with a larger plan to be described hereafter, for "a comprehensive system of transport between the Western coast of Africa and the West India Islands:" in other words, the writer is advocating a plan for putting the African coast and the West Indies in a state of close and constant communication.

These ideas will be familiar to our readers, as suggestions for attaining the objects of all anti-slavery proceedings by a more intelligible, safe, and efficacious way than the blockade. For whatever kind of labor in the West Indies, whether for defence or agriculture, the negro is better fitted by constitution than the European; but he can attain to his civilized development best, in the field of agriculture or arms, when officered by Europeans; and it is in the West Indies that the two races meet on the most favorable conditions. It is through the West Indies, therefore, that Africa has the best chance of civilization; elevate her races above a condition which is on a level with that of slaves in the colonies of Europe, and you cut off the supply of slaves; thus extinguishing the traffic at its very source. That you can do so by any process of converting the African chiefs, is hopeless; you have no channel to reach their understanding or their heart. But by developing our colonies on the coast, we might so extend our example and influence as to Anglicize Western Africa. Now that operation would be incalculably assisted by the help of the West Indies, a training-school for the negro; who might be invited, by many advantageous plans, to return to his native continent as a settler. On the other hand, you cannot drain the West Indies of their negro population without recruiting it from Africa; and that could best be done by the help of extensive settlements on the African coast. The negro population of that region would form the best recruiting-dépôts for the West Indies; the West Indies would be the best training-school for the African settlements; the joint operation demands an extensive system of transport and retransport. Such a system would call into existence a widely-spread community of intelligent free blacks, the fittest for labor and action in the tropical lands of the Atlantic; but that population would be wedded to England and her institutions, as the great safeguards of negro freedom.

**AMERICAN SLAVERY.**—The American House of Representatives has taken a decided stand against slavery. It has not only made progress with a bill for establishing a territorial government in New Mexico and California without slavery, but, in a resolution condemning the traffic in slaves within the central state of Columbia as "inhuman," has ordered a bill for its suppression. The men of the South were summoned to attend a consultation by Mr. Calhoun, who advised defiance and nullification; but soberer counsels prevailed, and it appears to have been resolved simply to oppose the anti-slavery measures in congress. Opinion against the bad and anti-republican institution gains ground in the American parliament, and the time seems to be rapidly approaching when the Northern states will take a firm stand upon the broad principles of justice.

It will be desirable to accompany any proceedings against the institution with an earnest resolve to effect the redemption of the republic from its stigma with the least detriment to existing interests or hurt to social feelings. We believe that a rash process would be most calamitous—the signal for a jacquerie of the most horrible kind, arraying an inferior race against oppressors almost of an alien species. We believe also that a wiser and safer process is to be discovered by a sincere diligence. The greatest of all questions that await the model republic is, *how* to abolish slavery with the least infliction of injury; and that question should engage timely and earnest attention. Various ways might be devised; we incline to think that the best would be gradual, self-developing, and tending to remove the emancipated blacks from the neighborhood of the whites. No enterprise more honorable or profitable could be undertaken by the patriots of the American Union—the leading statesmen of the western hemisphere.—*Spectator*, 13th Jan.

**EUROPE.**—The storm has lulled. Whether it has not sunk only to rise again with tenfold violence, is among the secrets of the future. Prussia is now fighting only with the pen, and the war is transferred from the streets of Berlin to the *table d'hôtes* of Frankfort. Austria is quietly sitting in judgment on the rabble of Hungary, and is likely to draw the teeth of that dragon, the Magyar Republic. Italy is talking of conquering Europe, and spends her evenings at the opera. Spain is exterminating the Carlists, who contrive to live again after being slaughtered in a hundred bulletins. Germany is dividing and subdividing herself, until the name will vanish, and the memory of sour-croit be no more. France is learning to live on air.—*Britannia*, 17 Jan.

From the Times, 6 Feb.

#### THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

THE French republicans are resolved to die hard. Conscious that their marvellous victory over all the institutions of the kingdom was the result of accident and of the errors of their opponents more than of their own strength, but undismayed and unenlightened by their subsequent failure, and by the immense popular majority opposed to their creed, they still hope by violence and audacity to keep alive that pestilent agitation which they call freedom, to overawe the middle classes, and, un-

der some evil concurrence of circumstances, once more to seize the government. By a strange inversion of all the principles of constitutional government, a minority, not certainly exceeding one sixteenth of the adult population of France, turns upon the majority, stands at bay, and openly avows that it is prepared to make up for the deficiency of its numbers, and the prevailing abhorrence of its principles, by turning those principles in their most atrocious form against the rest of society. The ascendancy of such a party is only possible by a reign of terror. Terrorism is to the most fanatical and ferocious of these zealots or desperadoes the science and the instrument of democratic tyranny; they admit that they can succeed in no other way. What is terrorism in the clubs is faction in the National Assembly. The government has just rescued Paris from imminent danger of an insurrection, but its vigorous and successful precautions are made by the Mountain the pretext of a hostile inquiry, and the motion for the order of the day, which ministers opposed to the censorious resolution of M. Perrée, was rejected by a majority of 9. The violence of this struggle between the ministers of the president and the assembly denotes a still fiercer opposition to the moderate party which is going on beneath the surface of society. There is no doubt that, since the conflict of June, the secret societies of France have been actively employed in repairing their losses and extending their organization. A difference of opinion arose in December between the partisans of Ledru-Rollin and Raspail, but the defeat of General Cavaignac had the effect of reconstituting the whole republican party, and the *National* became what it was on the eve of the February revolution—the leader of the democratic opposition, and the ally of those wretched factions which it had, when in office, unrelentingly proscribed. In the National Assembly this republican party still reckons a phalanx which can, on all subjects, run the government very close, and dispute even those measures which are most essential to the public safety. Out of doors it relies on the secret societies which extend all over France, and on the clubs of Paris, but the influence of those political associations over the working men of the faubourgs has unquestionably declined. It is a well authenticated fact that on the 29th January large bodies of the population assembled in the streets did not respond, as they have so frequently done within the last twelve months, to the seditious cries of the incendiary party, and in many of the faubourgs the workmen did not quit their daily employment. But the more lukewarm the populace becomes, exhausted by the excitement of the last year, undeceived by their excessive sufferings, and less prone to trust the promises of revolution in future, the more violent is the language of the revolutionary leaders. Amongst the papers of those implicated in the late conspiracy there is evidence of what its objects were. They are stated by one of the legal journals of Paris, (*the Gazette des Tribunaux*), to have been—"To dissolve the

National Assembly and to establish a committee of public safety. To annul the constitution. To imprison the Bonaparte family. To suppress the liberty of the press for two years. To suspend personal liberty for three months. To try by a commission all those who have taken part in the proceedings against the insurgents of June. To pay the interest of the debt in paper money. To impeach all the ministers of the crown since 1830. To establish the right to labor, dissolve the national guard, adopt the red flag, with the triangle of association, and establish progressive taxation, with confiscation of the property of emigrants, etc."

It is of little moment whether productions of this kind emanate from the dungeons of Vincennes, the madhouse of Bicêtre, or the printing-presses of M. Proudhon. Wild and desperate as they are, there are men ready to perish in defence of them, and there are other men—a larger class—ready to make even such schemes as these the stepping-stone to power. At such times, and in such records, we look, as it were, down the very crater of the volcano. The liquid fire and the bitter ashes which from time to time devastate and pollute the world roll and toss in that abyss. Other political perils are more or less external—this lurks within the vitals. All the greatest influences of history and of power have failed alike to absorb and to extirpate it; it survived the glory and the despotism of the imperial dominion, the prosperity and the freedom of the constitutional monarchy, nay, even the guilt, the misery, and the retribution of its own triumphs. It survives still—it is still the genius of the French Revolution, sent into the world, like some mocking spirit, to parody freedom, to pervert the laws of God, of society, and of the mind of man, and to turn the triumphs of civilization and of national power into a state of things insecure as the existence of savage tribes, and brutal as that of the lower animals. Against these doctrines, and against their inhuman partisans, the great bulk of the people of France are arrayed. If need be, in these days of peril, they themselves will do battle against the destroying principle which has already banished peace from their homes and prosperity from their cities. But in the long run the self-defence of a people consists not so much in using the musket, or mounting guard in the streets, as in arming the government with full powers, and firmly supporting that government in the use of them. The people of Paris have now reached this stage, and a large proportion of the National Guard have become more hostile to popular institutions, to the Assembly, and the right of association, than the president or his ministers. Indeed, so strong is this feeling, that considerable disappointment was expressed in the legions of the National Guard, which became even more intense and sarcastic in the ranks of the army, when it was found that the day on which all the troops were under arms passed off without a *coup d'état* after all. It hung upon the merest accident whether or not the cry

of "*Vive l'Empereur*" should not be raised. If a shot had been fired, and if the battle had commenced, of which for some hours there was no small danger, the result would have been inevitable. Fortunately, as we think, no collision occurred. The disaffected portion of the Garde Mobile and the clubbists—the allied factions—waited respectively for each other to begin the insurrection, but on every point on which a commencement was to have been made the skill of General Changarnier had anticipated an attack. There is no doubt that the vigilance and decision of the minister of the interior and of the commandant of the forces saved Paris that night from a conflict more formidable than that of June, inasmuch as the Garde Mobile would probably have turned against the line, in the event of an engagement. Nothing could exceed the hostility of the two corps, unless it be that of the army against the mob. Considerable difficulty has of course been encountered in providing quarters for such an army in the heart of a capital. Temporary barracks have been erected, some in the immediate contiguity to the palace inhabited by the president. Even the Tuileries have troops quartered in them, and some of the principal detached forts have been made available for the purposes to which they are best adapted. Such is the military aspect of affairs, and such the security obtained by actual force in Paris. Yet, in spite of these preparations, the president and his ministers are believed to be sincerely adverse to a *coup d'état*; their policy is to prevent an outbreak of the revolutionary party in the streets, and to hold their ground against the revolutionary party in the Assembly, until such time as the elections for the next legislative assembly may release the republic from the perilous position in which it stands. Meanwhile the Assembly continues to display the most unrelenting hostility to the cabinet. No considerations of public safety or patriotism restrain the majority from harassing the government, and it still remains a doubtful point whether so extraordinary a posture of affairs can end otherwise than by some violent measure.

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THERE is actually but one measure of improvement for Ireland—a change of population. The time for this great and salutary effort seems to be pointed out by events before our eyes. The Celt is passing away. He is carrying his plagues and his passions, his riot and his rags, to another hemisphere. He runs off with his year's rent and his cheap patriotism to the Mississippi. There let him spread, and relieve Ireland of his presence, his principles, and his priesthood. Then let the vacancy be filled up with the manly, faithful, and Protestant Englishman. Thus only will Ireland ever be loyal, ever be opulent, or ever be saved from the most abject of superstitions, the basest of intrigues, and the most malignant of prejudices against the English name.—*Britannia*.



From the Boston Post.

## SONG FOR CALIFORNIA.

To the air "Oh my Dearest Mae."

THIS song is respectfully dedicated to the gentlemen about to leave for California or board the good bark Orb.

"What will this general and overwhelming spirit of emigration lead to? Will it be the beginning of a new empire in the West—a revolution in the commercial highways of the world—a depopulation of the old states for the new republic on the shores of the Pacific? The future alone can answer such questions."

"If Congress, therefore, do not act wisely and quickly, it is very likely that California will take the matter into her own hands, and shape her institutions and her destiny according to her own convictions and her own necessities."

"We have every reason to believe that many of the adventurers now flocking to California are full of the idea of making that region a separate and distinct republic, with the Rocky Mountains for a boundary line between the old states; and look to the day when they will be able to take all Mexico under their wing, and possess control over all the shores of the Pacific from the Isthmus to the Russian possessions on the north. The idea of a great republic on the Pacific, with its centre in California, and its wings extending over Mexico to the south, and Oregon down to the Russian possessions on the north, is beginning to prevail among many of those hardy, determined, intelligent, enterprising emigrants who are leaving the northern states and crowding to that new El Dorado."

"Where the Sacramento's waters roll their golden tide along,  
Which echoes through the mountains like a merry drinking song;  
Where the Sierra Nevada lifts its crests unto the sky,  
A home for freedom's eagles when the tempest's sweeping by,  
Where the bay of San Francisco—the Naples of the west—  
Lies sleeping like an infant beside the ocean's breast;  
There we go with dauntless spirits, and we go with hearts elate,  
To build another empire—to found another state."

CALEB LYON.

WE sail—our gallant vessel  
Careers before the blast,  
Yet "swifter than the thoughts of love"  
Come visions of the past.  
Fast, fast thy shores, New England,  
Are fading through our tears,  
Yet warm the lovely landscape  
That busy memory rears.  
*Chorus*—Pledge, brothers, pledge,  
While, circled hand in hand,  
We swear the good bark Orb shall bear  
True patriots to that strand.

No, not to found an empire  
We seek our Western strand—  
When we spy its piercing mountains  
We but hail our native land;  
For there our banner waveth,  
And we only seek to bind  
Another link of union  
With the *thirty* here entwined.  
Pledge, brothers, pledge.

Can we give up the glory  
Our valiant fathers gave  
When they sought on Plymouth's holy rock  
A refuge from the wave?  
Long kept they faith with England,  
And many sorrows bore,  
For, Oh! they loved their "father land,"  
That distant, happy shore.  
Pledge, brothers, pledge.

No, dreamers of ambition,  
Who "go with hearts elate  
To build another empire,  
To found another state;"  
Ye little know the workings  
Of the stern New England mind,  
If ye hope to see the people  
To your busy schemes resigned.  
Pledge, brothers, pledge.

"To found another empire,"  
Ah! but it still shall be,  
An offshoot of the parent stem,  
A scion of the tree;  
To set another brilliant  
In the azure of our flag,  
That long shall float in splendor  
From shore and lofty crag.  
Pledge, brothers, pledge.

Avant! ye idle dreamers,  
Who think that men must be  
Divided by a river,  
Or embittered by a sea;  
We will teach the world a lesson,  
That *we freemen* ne'er forget,  
Howe'er asunder driven,  
We're a band of brothers yet.  
Pledge, brothers, pledge.

Old Cambridge. WAVE.

WINTER SPORT ON SANDUSKY BAY.—Sandusky Bay, about eight miles in length by four in breadth, is now frozen solid; and the most delightful winter sports are practised there. Young men and maidens, old men and madams, fishermen, sportsmen, ice-haulers, skaters, &c., are carried over the smooth ice of the Bay. The fishery scene is here described by the Clarion:—

And far off along the shore of Cedar Point lie a dotted line of queer-looking objects—some are hog-heads, some dry goods boxes—and once in a while you see a neatly constructed miniature house, with curling smoke gracefully climbing up the bracing air from its chimney. What does it mean! As you draw nearer, you perceive a tall, slender pole reaching through the roof; and, while at a loss to ascertain its meaning, it suddenly disappears. Wondering, you draw near; and, as you do so, you will find each occupied by a single person, seated, perhaps, upon a cushioned stool, beside a sheet-iron stove. His house is situated over a hole cut in the ice; and there he sits contentedly, with a fish gig in his right hand, and a decoy fish dexterously managed by the other, waiting the visit from one of the finny tribe. Hold! Did you see the broad flat nose of that noble pike, as it protruded beyond the limits of the ice orifice? A slight movement of the left hand, and the decoy glides about like a thing of life—the pike darts suddenly upon it, the fish gig of the patient fisherman descends like lightning, and the next moment a ten pound pike lies floundering, dying, upon the floor of the cabin. The hunter detaches it from the gig, throws it outside the door to freeze, adjusts his decoy, and makes ready his spear for another onset.

This is winter fishing in Sandusky Bay. This is one of our winter sports; and in this manner are our tables supplied, during the whole winter season, with the best fresh water fish in the States.

From the National Intelligencer.

## INDIAN INCIDENTS.

A PAIR of incidents have come to our knowledge respecting the Chippewa Indians, now sojourning in the city, which are so characteristic of the race that we cannot refrain from presenting them to our readers.

The first of these has reference to one of the women, whose name is *Pam-ma-way-ge-one-no-qua*, or Woman of the Murmuring Stream. She is the wife of the orator of the party, and, when she left Lake Superior in October last, she brought along her only infant, aged about six months. On the arrival of the party in Philadelphia, the child was suddenly taken sick and died. The grief of the mother knew no bounds, and for several entire days did she hang over the child, ever and anon giving utterance to a monotonous wail, and decking its head with all the ornaments in her possession. All this was noticed by Major Martell, who conceived the idea of having a daguerreotype likeness taken of the child, and, this having been accomplished, the child was deposited in a vault, and the likeness given to the mother.

On Monday night last, while one of the chiefs composing the Chippewa delegation was relating a story to the writer of this article, and in the presence of the entire party, an allusion was made to the nature of death, which caused the childless mother and her husband, as they sat together upon the floor, to bow their heads and weep. The story proceeded, but we watched with intense interest the movements of the bereaved mother. Then it was that we saw her take from her bosom (as if unconscious of the company present) the portrait alluded to, and, as she pressed it convulsively to her lips a number of times, she accompanied each movement by this exclamation: "*Oh, my poor child! my poor child!*" She then handed the picture to her husband, and, as his keen black eye suddenly filled with tears, he also kissed the picture a number of times, and returning it to his wife, he turned his face toward the story-teller, as if endeavoring to follow him, while the wife immediately dropped her needle, and hid her face in the lap of her husband.

A more touching picture of grief than this we have never witnessed; but Major Martell tells us that what we saw is only a repetition of what he has seen a great many times since he left Philadelphia. The unhappy parents, he tells us, are always the first to awake in the morning, and they never resume their daily duties without first putting their heads together over the precious picture, for the purpose of uttering an incoherent prayer. The one idea which seems to absorb the mind of the benighted Indian mother is this, that she may yet return to Philadelphia, and upon her own back carry the remains of her offspring to the burial-place of her fathers in the remote wilderness.

The second incident to which we have alluded is of a very different character from the above, and is as follows:—Five members of the Indian party already mentioned, lately went out in the afternoon to enjoy an airing. They strayed over the Long Bridge across the Potomac, and, having been treated with a comfortable glass of liquor by some kind friend, they continued their walk until they reached a pleasant wood on one of the hills looking down upon the Potomac. They had their bows and arrows with them, and succeeded in killing a rabbit and two or three small birds. Night came on, but

instead of returning to their comfortable quarters in the city (for the weather was cold) these wild fellows kindled a fire in the woods, and having enjoyed a genuine Indian repast and sung a number of strange songs, they erected a few boughs over their heads, and there enjoyed a sound sleep until the morning. They returned to the city on the following day, apparently greatly benefited by their temporary release from the oppressive confinement of the metropolis.

## INDIANS IN CONGRESS.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW YORK TRUE SUN.

Washington, 17th Feb. 1849.

BEFORE the house met yesterday, there occurred in the hall a rich piece of lobbying on the part of persons who, of all others, are the last from whom one would expect any such trick. There is a band of some ten or a dozen Chippewas here, pressing a demand upon Congress for a grant of money. They were on the floor of the hall a few moments before the house met, when the door-keeper conducted the old chief up to the presiding officer's seat and placed him in the speaker's chair. It should be remarked, that he and his companions were in full feather, paint and blanket. No sooner was the old chief seated than one of the band addressed him in the Chippewa tongue, quite a speech, at which the interpreter laughed so heartily that the members crowding around, called at once for its interpretation. It proved to be thus wise:

"Mr. Speaker—You see before you a band of red children, who have travelled a great distance to ask justice at the hands of the body over which you preside. They ask but justice, which the grand council of a great nation such as yours should promptly accord to allies and dependants who have strictly kept faith with you, and, besides, have generously given you lands which have contributed much to your national greatness. We pray you to take our case into consideration with as little delay as possible; and considering it, to speedily come to a favorable conclusion upon it."

To this speech the old fellow in the speaker's chair responded, (rising, and speaking loudly, and with grace and animation:—) "My red children, I am happy to welcome you in this magnificent house, dedicated to the purpose of hearing the just demands of all who in any manner live under our government, as well as to righting all who have just demands on the public treasury. I know well that the Chippewas have been our fast friends—that none of our red children deserve more of our love, confidence, and liberality. I feel deeply for the condition of your nation, and acknowledge the justice of your claim upon our great council, which will be very soon acted upon, and favorably."

The interpreter rendered this speech, too, into English, to the infinite amusement of the by-standers. The wit of this clever trick will doubtless do more towards the attainment of their object than the services of half a dozen professional claim agents would have done. There were half a dozen members present among the crowd, who would have withstood almost every other manner of approach in favor of their claim. Indeed, the effect of this trick of the native American, was visible to day, in the readiness with which the house gave its unanimous consent to the proposition of Mr. Bingham, to consider and refer the senate's joint resolution to grant their prayer.

## WOLSEY'S LOVE OF FLATTERY.

So happed it one daye (says Sir T. More,) that he had in a great audience made an oracion in a certayne matter, wherein he liked himselfe so well, that at his dinner he sat, him thought, on thornes, tyll he might here how they that sat with hym at his borde woulde commende it. And whan hee had sitte musing a while, devysing, as I thought after, uppon some pretty proper waye to bring it in withal, at the laste, for lacke of a better, lest he should have letted the matter too long, he brought it even blontly forth, and asked us al that satte at his bordes end (for at his owne messe in the middes there sat but himself alone) how well we lyked his oracion that he hadde made that daye. But in fayth, Uncle, when that probleme was once proposed, till it was full answered, *no manne (I wene) eate one morsell of meate more.* Every manne was fallen in so depe a studye, for the fyndyng of some exquisite prayse. For he that shoulde have broughte out but a vulgare and common commendacion, woulde have thoughte himself shamed forever. Then sayde we our sentences by rowe as wee sat, from the lowest unto the hyghest in good order, as it had bene a great matter of the common vocale, in a ryght solemne counsaile. Whan it came to my parte, I wyll not say it, Uncle, for no boaste, mee thoughte, by our Ladye, for my parte, I quitte my selfe metelye wel. And I lyked my selfe the better because mee thoughte my words, beeinge but a straungyer, wente yet with some grace in the Almain tong; wherein lettyn my latin alone me listed to shewe my cunnyng, and I hoped to be lyked the better, because I sawe that he that sate next mee, and should saie his sentence after mee, was an unlearned Priestre, for he could speake no latin at all. But whan he came furth for hys part with my Lordes commendation, the wyly fox hadde be so well accustomed in courte with the crafte of flattery, that he wente beyonde me to farre. And then might I see by hym, what excellence a right meane witte may come to in one crafte, that in al his whole life studyeth and busyeth his witte about no mo but that one. But I made after a solemne vowe unto my selfe, that if ever he and I were matched together at that boarde agayne, whan we should fall to our flattery, I wold flatter in latin, that he should not contende with me no more. For though I could be contente to be out runne by an horse, yet wold I no more abyde it to be out runne of an asse. But, Uncle, here beganne nowe the game; he that sate hyghest, and was to speake, was a great beneficed man, and not a Doctour only, but also somewhat learned in dede in the lawes of the Churche. A worlde it was to see howe he marked every mannes worde that spake before him. And it seemed that every worde the more proper it was, the worse he liked it, for the cumbrance that he had to study out a better to passe it. The manne even swette with the laboure, so that he was faine in the while now and than to wipe his face. Howbeit in conclusion whan it came to his course, we that had spoken before him, hadde so taken up al among us before, that we hade not lefte him one wye worde to speake after.—*Anthony*: Alas, good manne! amonge so manye of you, some good fellow shold have lente hym one.—*Vincent*: It neede not, as hadde was, Uncle. For he found out such a shift, that in hys flatteryng, he passed us all the many.—*Anthony*: Why, what sayde he,

*Cosyn?—Vincent*: By our Ladye, Uncle, *not one worde.* But lyke as I trow Plinius telleth, that when Appelles the Paynter in the table that he paynted of the sacryfyce and the death of Iphigenia, hadde in the makynge of the sorrowfull countenances of the other noble menne of Greece that beehelde it, spent out so much of his crafte and hys cunnyng, that whan he came to make the countenance of King Agamemnon her father, which he reserved for the laste—\* \* \* \* \* he could devise no maner of newe heavy chere and countenance—but to the intent that no man should see what maner countenance it was, that her father hadde, the paynter was fayne to paynte him, holding his face in his handkercher—the like pageant in a maner plaide us there *this good aunciente honourable flatterer.* For when he sawe that he coulde fynde no woordes of prayse, that woulde passe al that hadde bene spoken before all readye, the wyly Fox woulde speake never a word, but as he that were ravished unto heavenwarde with the wonder of the wisdom and eloquence that my Lordes Grace had uttered in that oracyon, he fette a long syghe with an *Oh!* from the bottome of his breste, and helde up bothe hys handes, and lyfte uppe both his handes and lyfte uppe his head, and caste up his eye into the welkin and wept.—From *The Town*, by LEIGH HUNT.

From the Spectator.

## ON 1848—AN EPITAPH.

LAST of the Gentile-ridden years,  
Thy stormy requiem shakes the spheres!  
From many a tempest-stricken state,  
Wild notes of discord, scorn, and hate,  
Peal o'er thy grave, dread Forty-eight!

Herald and harbinger of doom,  
What shall be written on thy tomb?  
Perchance, athwart yon lurid skies,  
The torch that lights thy obsequies,  
Shall meet another, ruddier glow,  
Where, scathed above and rent below,  
Down sinks the Babylonian woe!\*  
Kings, and your armies, stand aside,  
See Satan's handmaid doff her pride,  
See Hell receive its harlot bride!—

Dread year of ever deepening gloom!  
Oh where shall History find room  
To write thy annals on thy tomb?  
Or who shall read thy lesson, Lord!  
Whose valor, trembling at thy word,  
Shall sheathe the universal sword!  
Within twelve moons' fast fleeting span,  
Man hath awaked to strive with man,  
As in the day of Midian!†

Methinks I hear the rolling car—  
Pinions that cleave the air afar—  
The sound of doves returning home,‡  
Lost Israel's doves, no more to roam!  
I see the avenging sickle gleam,

Lit by the Dayspring's piercing beam:—  
Great Lord! is that, or *this*,§ a dream!

Written December 28th, 1848. C. N.

\* "Babylonian woe."—See Milton's Sonnet "On the Vaudois."

† "Day of Midian."—See Isaiah ix. 4, and x. 5; Judges vii. 22–25; Ezekiel xxxviii. 21—&c.

‡ "Doves returning home."—See Isai. lx. 8 Hosea xi. 11—&c.

§ "This"—The world of business and pleasure which we look upon to-day.



**AN IRISH CAPTAIN.**—The captain's means were so small as to be, it may be said, quite invisible. But nobody knows how the wind is tempered to shorn Irish lambs, and in what marvellous places they find pasture. If Captain Costigan, whom I had the honor to know, would but have told his history, it would have been a great moral story. But he neither would have told it if he could, nor could if he would; for the captain was not only unaccustomed to tell the truth—but he was unable even to think it—and fact and fiction reeled together in his muzzy, whiskified brain. He began life rather brilliantly with a pair of colors, a fine person and legs, and one of the most beautiful voices in the world. To his latest day he sang, with admirable pathos and humor, those wonderful Irish ballads which are so mirthful and so melancholy; and was always the first himself to cry at their pathos. Poor Cos! he was at once brave and maudlin, humorous and an idiot; always good-natured, and sometimes almost trustworthy. Up to the last day of his life he would drink with any man, and back any man's bill; and his end was in a spunging-house, where the sheriff's officer, who took him, was fond of him. In his brief morning of life, Cos formed the delight of regimental messes, and had the honor of singing his songs, bacchanalian and sentimental, at the tables of the most illustrious generals and commanders in chief, in the course of which period he drank three times as much claret as was good for him, and spent his doubtful patrimony. What became of him, subsequently to his retirement from the army, is no affair of ours. I take it, no foreigner understands the life of an Irish gentleman without money—the way in which he manages to keep afloat—the wind-raising conspiracies, in which he engages with heroes as unfortunate as himself—the means by which he contrives, during most days of the week, to get his portion of whiskey-and-water; all these are mysteries to us inconceivable; but suffice it to say, that through all the storms of life Jack had floated somehow, and the lamp of his nose had never gone out.—*Thackeray's Pendennis.*

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

*Raphael, or Pages of the Book of Life at Twenty.*

By A. DE LAMARTINE. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THIS much-talked of production, like all Lamartine's writings, is glowing and passionate in style; full of brilliant imagery. It may, indeed, be styled a romance of real life, since it is rumored that it is the autobiography of the author in his early days. It is published in a neat form at twenty-five cents.

*History of Hannibal.* By JACOB ABBOTT. New York: Harper & Brothers.

WE have here a popular and graphic sketch of the great Carthaginian general's brilliant career, in a style eminently easy and graceful. This beautiful historical series, it is known, is illustrated by richly illuminated title-pages and numerous other engravings. They are pleasant reading for the family circle—possessing the charms of romance while they convey important historical knowledge.

*Oregon and California in 1848.* By J. QUINN THORNTON. New York: Harper & Brothers.

EVEN as a book of amusement, this work presents a narrative of unusual interest respecting the over-

land tour to California through the vast western wilderness—a route that has been recently pursued by so many in quest of the precious metals. It also contains valuable information to the amount that will constitute it an indispensable guide-book to all who contemplate a visit to the shores of the Pacific. It is beautifully printed in two duodecimo volumes, and embellished with a series of effective designs on wood, and a valuable map constructed expressly for the work.

*Essay on the Union of Church and State.* By BAPTIST NOEL. New York: Harper & Brothers.

WE hasten to announce the republication here of this volume, the appearance of which caused so much excitement in London. We have not had time to read it, and have knowledge of its arguments only through extracts and the comments of the English press. We intend to give it an early and careful perusal, and may perhaps again refer to it. In the mean time we suppose that the announcement of its issue by the Harpers will be gratifying intelligence to hundreds who have waited for its appearance with some impatience.

*Illustrated Life of Franklin.*

THE Harpers are issuing an elegant edition of Franklin's autobiography, illustrated by numerous beautiful designs by Chapman, engraved under the superintendence of Adams. The work, although exceedingly beautiful in typography, paper, and pictorial embellishment, will, when complete, cost only two dollars in parts. It will make a most acceptable and valuable present from father to son. There is a wealth of wisdom in all the career of this great man; his maxims of industry and frugality, and his high-toned virtue and moral excellence, make his memoirs one of the most valuable and instructive books for the study of both young and old.

THE Lectures on Embryology, which were delivered before the Lowell Institute in Boston, by Professor Agassiz, have been published in a neat form by H. Flanders & Co., at the office of the Boston Traveller. They are illustrated by many wood-engravings, and form an entertaining and instructive book.

*Tour of Duty in California,* by JOSEPH WARREN REVERE, Lieutenant U. S. Navy, lately in command of the Military District of Sonoma: New York: C. S. Francis & Co. Boston: J. H. Francis, 128 Washington street.

THIS is a work which is much needed at the present time. It presents, in a life-like and vigorous style, the adventures and observations of the author during an eventful service in California, embracing a period of many months. The writer participated in the operations of the navy against California, during which time he saw much land service. He gives interesting descriptions of many of the principal places of note in California, and also of the inhabitants, climate, soil, productions, &c., &c., of the country.

These descriptions are interspersed with anecdotes and narratives of adventures which serve to increase the interest of the book, without detracting from its value as a descriptive narrative. The book is neatly printed and bound, and is illustrated with several fine engravings, among which we notice a representation of the celebrated "Sutter's Fort." —*Boston Journal.*

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"PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenæum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tait's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

TERMS.—The *LIVING AGE* is published every Saturday, by E. LITTELL & Co., corner of Tremont and Bromfield sts., Boston; Price 12½ cents a number, or six dollars a year in advance. Remittances for any period will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. To insure regularity in mailing the work, orders should be addressed to the office of publication, as above.

Clubs, paying a year in advance, will be supplied as follows:—

Four copies for . . . .	\$20 00
Nine " " . . . .	\$40 00
Twelve " " . . . .	\$50 00

Complete sets, in fifteen volumes, to the end of 1847, handsomely bound, and packed in neat boxes, are for sale at thirty dollars.

Any volume may be had separately at two dollars, bound, or a dollar and a half in numbers.

Any number may be had for 12½ cents; and it may be worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

Binding.—We bind the work in a uniform, strong, and good style; and where customers bring their numbers in good order, can generally give them bound volumes in exchange without any delay. The price of the binding is 50 cents a volume. As they are always bound to one pattern, there will be no difficulty in matching the future volumes.

Agencies.—We are desirous of making arrangements in all parts of North America, for increasing the circulation of this work—and for doing this a liberal commission will be allowed to gentlemen who will interest themselves in the business. And we will gladly correspond on this subject with any agent who will send us undoubted references.

Postage.—When sent with the cover on, the *Living Age* consists of three sheets, and is rated as a pamphlet, at 4½ cents. But when sent without the cover, it comes within the definition of a newspaper given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage, (14 cts.) We add the definition alluded to:—

A newspaper is "any printed publication, issued in numbers, consisting of not more than two sheets, and published at short, stated intervals of not more than one month, conveying intelligence of passing events."

Monthly parts.—For such as prefer it in that form, the *Living Age* is put up in monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the quarterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life. Postage on the monthly parts is about 14 cents. The volumes are published quarterly, each volume containing as much matter as a quarterly review gives in eighteen months.

WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1848.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me to be the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension includes a portraiture of the human mind in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *The Bubble of the Age; or, the Fallacies of Railway Investments, Railway Accounts, and Railway Dividends.* By ARTHUR SMITH. 1848.
2. *Herepath's Railway and Commercial Journal.* 1848.
3. *Rules and Regulations for the conduct of the Traffic and for the guidance of the Officers and Men in the service of the London and North-Western Railway Company.* London. 1847.

A good many years ago one of the toughest and hardest riders that ever crossed Leicestershire undertook to perform a feat which, just for the moment, attracted the general attention not only of the country but of the sporting world. His bet was, that if he might choose his own turf, and if he might select as many thorough-bred horses as he liked, he would undertake to ride 200 miles in ten hours!

The newspapers of the day described exactly how "the 'squire'" was dressed—what he had been living on—how he looked—how, at the word "Away!" he started like an arrow from a bow—how gallantly Tranby, his favorite racer, stretched himself in his gallop—how, on arriving at his second horse, he vaulted from one saddle to another—how he then flew over the surface of the earth, if possible, faster than before—and how, to the astonishment and amidst the acclamations of thousands of spectators, he at last came in . . . a winner!

Now, if at this moment of his victory, while with dust and perspiration on his brow—his exhausted arms dangling just above the panting flanks of his horse, which his friends at each side of the bridle were slowly leading in triumph—a decrepit old woman had hobbled forward, and, in the name of Science, had told the assembled multitude, that before she became a skeleton she and her husband would undertake, instead of 200 miles in ten hours, to go 500—that is to say, that, for every mile "the 'squire'" had just ridden, she and her old man would go two miles and a half—that she would moreover knit all the way, and that he should take his medicine every hour and read to her just as if they were at home; lastly, that they would undertake to perform their feat either in darkness or in daylight, in sunshine or in storm, "in thunder, lightning, or in rain;"—who, we ask, would have listened to the poor maniac!—and yet how wonderfully would her prediction have been now fulfilled! Nay, wagons of coals and heavy luggage now-a-days fly across Leicestershire faster and further than Mr. Osbaldestone could go, notwithstanding his condition and that of all his horses.

When railways were first established, every living being gazed at a passing train with astonish-

ment and fear; ploughmen held their breath; the loose horse galloped from it, and then, suddenly stopping, turned round, stared at it, and at last snorted aloud. But the "nine days' wonder" soon came to an end. As the train now flies through our verdant fields, the cattle grazing on each side do not even raise their heads to look at it; the timid sheep fears it no more than the wind; indeed, the hen-partridge, running with her brood along the embankment of a deep cutting, does not now even crouch as it passes close by her. It is the same with mankind. On entering a railway station we merely mutter to a clerk in a box where we want to go—say "*How much?*"—see him horizontally poke a card into a little machine that pinches it—receive our ticket—take our place—read our newspaper—on reaching our terminus drive away perfectly careless of all or of any one of the innumerable arrangements necessary for the astonishing luxury we have enjoyed.

On the practical working of a railway there is no book extant, nor any means open to the public of obtaining correct information on the subject.

Unwilling, therefore, to remain in this state of ignorance respecting the details of the greatest blessing which science has ever imparted to mankind, we determined to make a short inspection of the practical machinery of one of our largest railways; and having, on application to the secretary, as also to the secretary of the post-office, been favored with the slight authorities we required, without companion or attendant we effected our object; and although under such circumstances our unbiased observations were necessarily superficial, we propose by a few rough sketches rapidly to pass in review before our readers some of the scenes illustrative of the practical working of a railway, which we witnessed at the principal stations of the London and North-western Railway—say Euston, Camden, Wolverton, and Crewe.

EUSTON—*The Down Train.*—On arriving in a cab at the Euston station, the old-fashioned traveller is at first disposed to be exceedingly pleased at the new-born civility with which, the instant the vehicle stops, a porter, opening its door with surprising alacrity, most obligingly takes out every article of his luggage; but so soon as he suddenly finds out that the officious green straight-buttoned-up official's object has been solely to get the cab off the premises, in order to allow the string of variegated carriages that are slowly following to advance—in short, that, while he has been paying to the driver, say only two shining shillings, his favorite great-coat—his umbrella, portmanteau, carpet-bag, Russia leather writing-case, secured by Chubb's patent lock, have all vanished—he faintly feels, like poor Johnson, that his "pat



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J. Q. ADAMS.